SONGS FOR SOUL-WINNING

COMPILED BY

J. E. STURGIS

ROUND NOTES ONLY

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The Standard Publishing Company
Cincinnati, O.

On Galvary.

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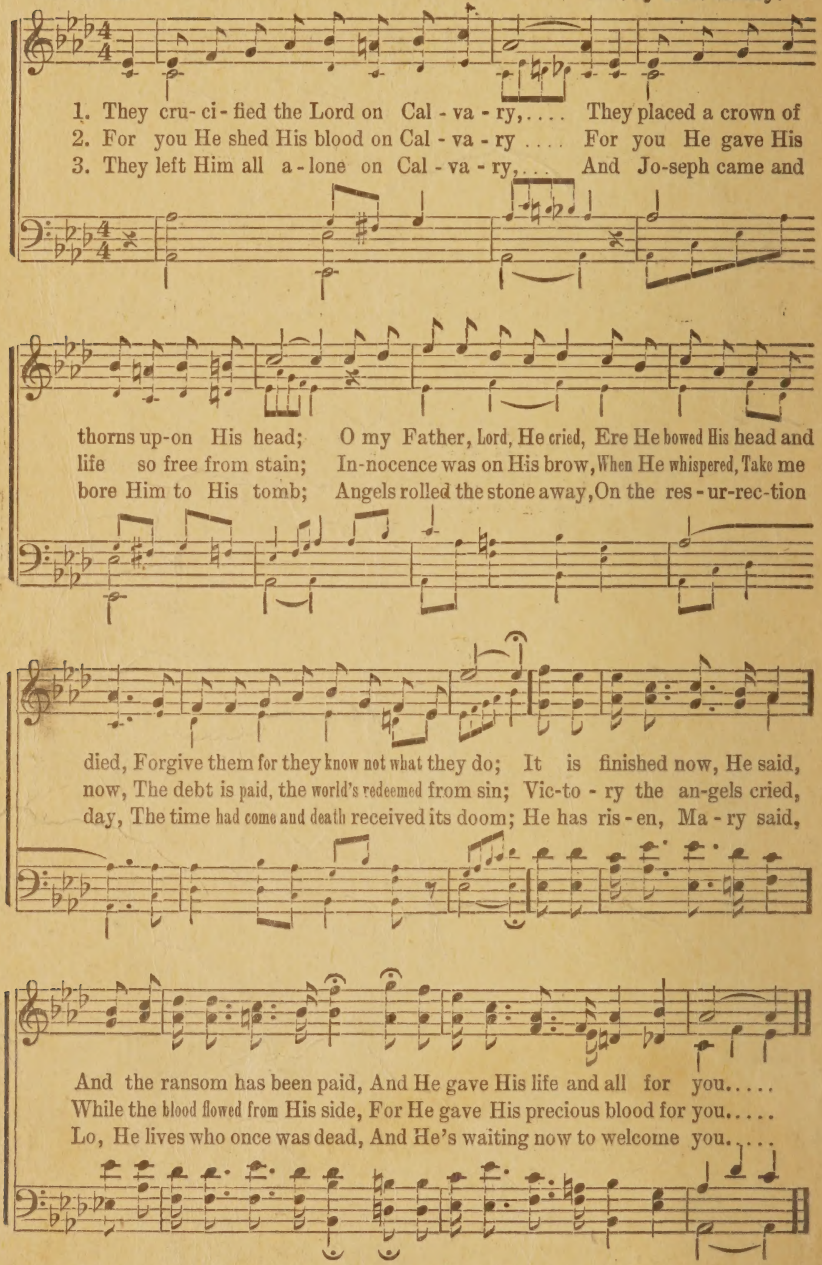
A. M. Ball. Arr. by T. B. Mosley.

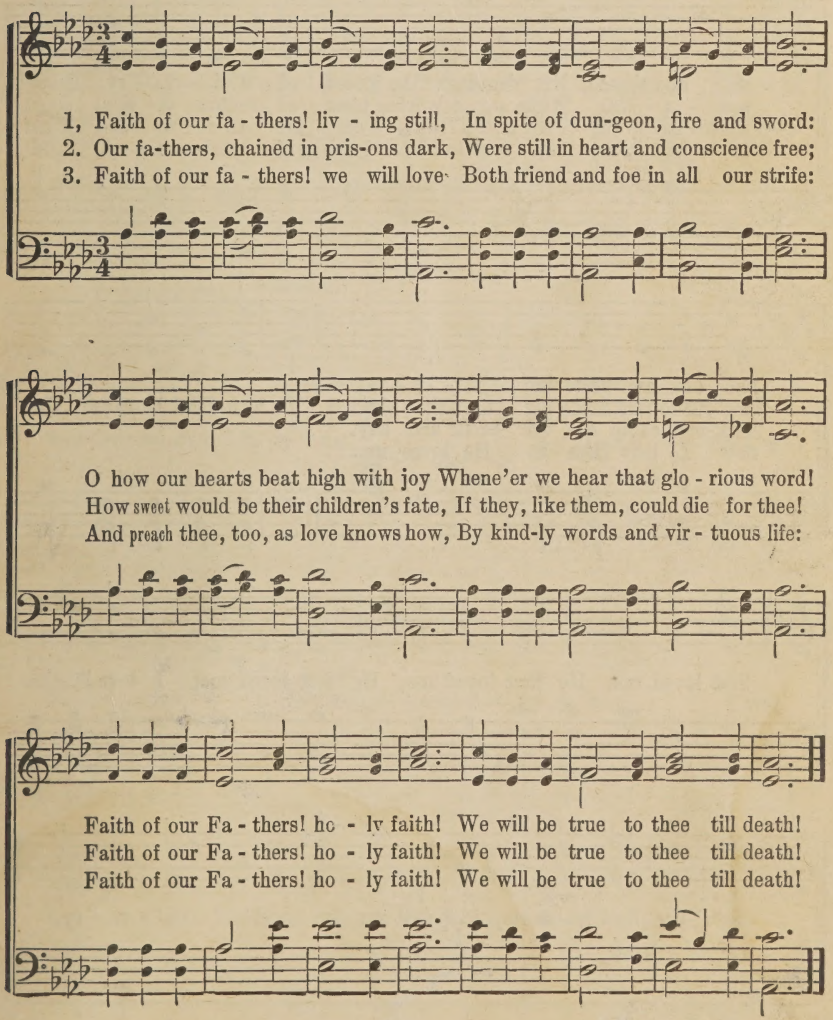

1. They cru- ci - fied the Lord on Cal - va - ry,.... They placed a crown of
2. For you He shed His blood on Cal - va - ry .... For you He gave His
3. They left Him all a - lone on Cal - va - ry,.... And Jo-seph came and
thorns up-on His head; O my Father, Lord, He cried, Ere He bowed His head and
life so free from stain; In-nocence was on His brow, When He whispered, Take me
bore Him to His tomb; Angels rolled the stone away, On the res - ur-rec-tion
died, Forgive them for they know not what they do; It is finished now, He said,
now, The debt is paid, the world's redeemed from sin; Vic-to - ry the an-gels cried,
day, The time had come and death received its doom; He has ris - en, Ma - ry said,
And the ransom has been paid, And He gave His life and all for you.....
While the blood flowed from His side, For He gave His precious blood for you.....
Lo, He lives who once was dead, And He's waiting now to welcome you.....

Harry K. Shields sings this song on Columbia record, made for The Standard Publishing Co.

Songs for Soul-winning

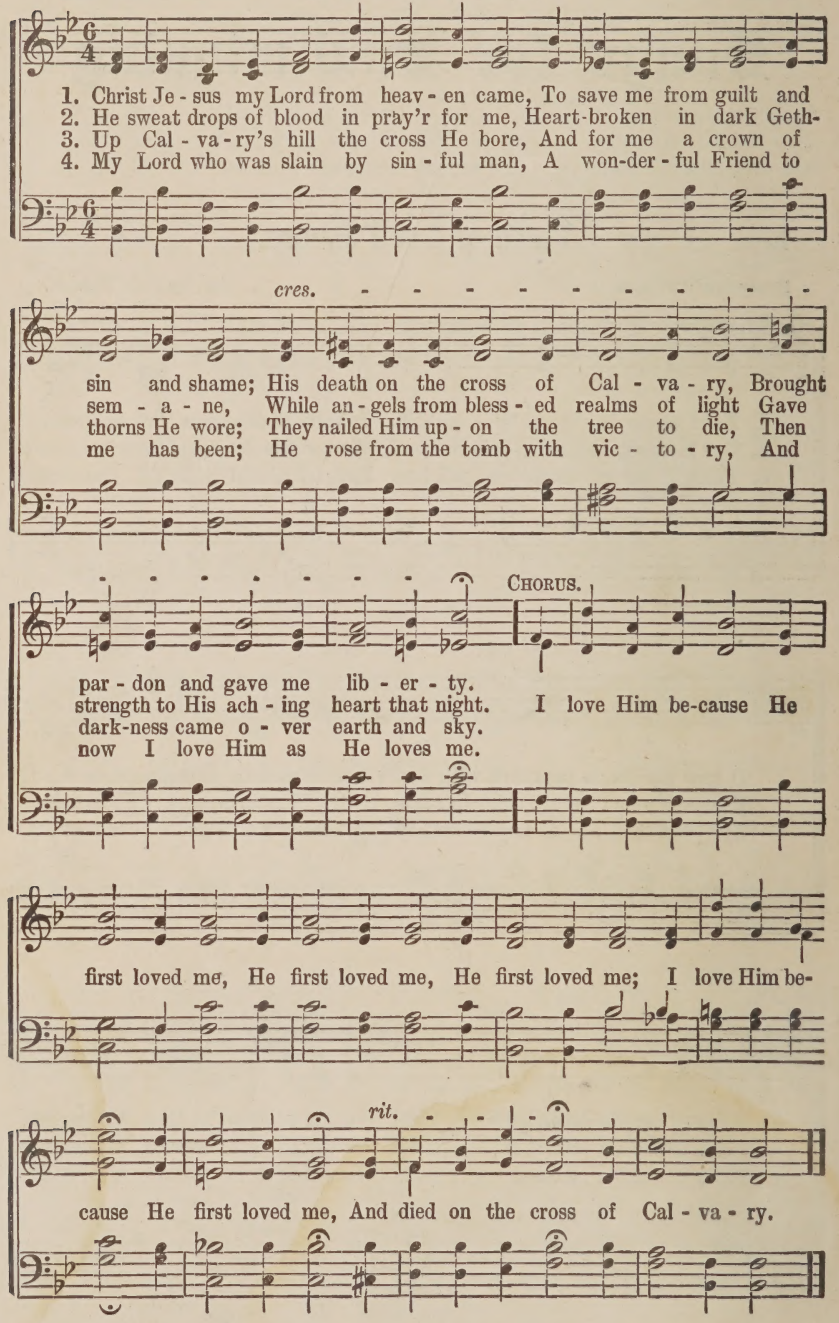
1. Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.


1, Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our Fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our Fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our Fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

2 I Love Him Because He First Loved Me.

FRANK E. ROUCH. Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis. J. E. STURGIS.


1. Christ Je - sus my Lord from heav - en came, To save me from guilt and
2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart-broken in dark Geth-
3. Up Cal - va - ry's hill the cross He bore, And for me a crown of
4. My Lord who was slain by sin - ful man, A won-der - ful Friend to
cres.
sin and shame; His death on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Brought
sem - a - ne, While an - gels from bless - ed realms of light Gave
thorns He wore; They nailed Him up - on the tree to die, Then
me has been; He rose from the tomb with vic - to - ry, And
CHORUS.
par - don and gave me lib - er - ty.
strength to His ach - ing heart that night. I love Him be-cause He
dark-ness came o - ver earth and sky.
now I love Him as He loves me.
first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be-
rit.
cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.

He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

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Virgil P. Brock. Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 92 = ♩

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to

me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a

So won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful! won-der-ful!

lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

Tell It Wherever You Go.

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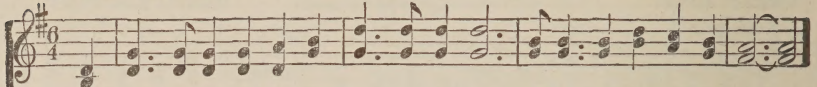
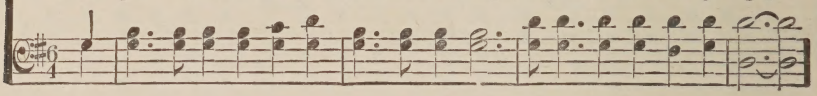
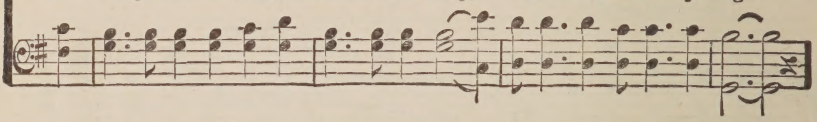
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

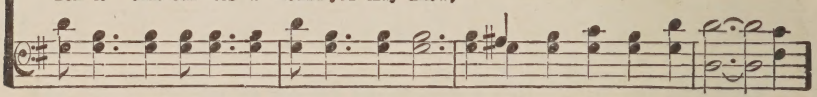


If in-to your darkness His light has shown in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

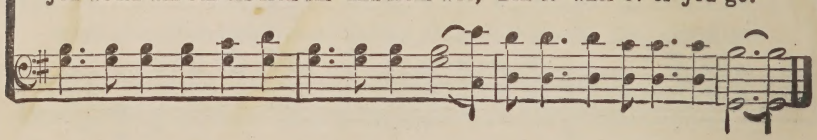


CHORUS.

Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,



you would win oth-ers fron sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!



5 Win the One Next to You.

Chas. H. Forsyth and Haldor Lillenas.

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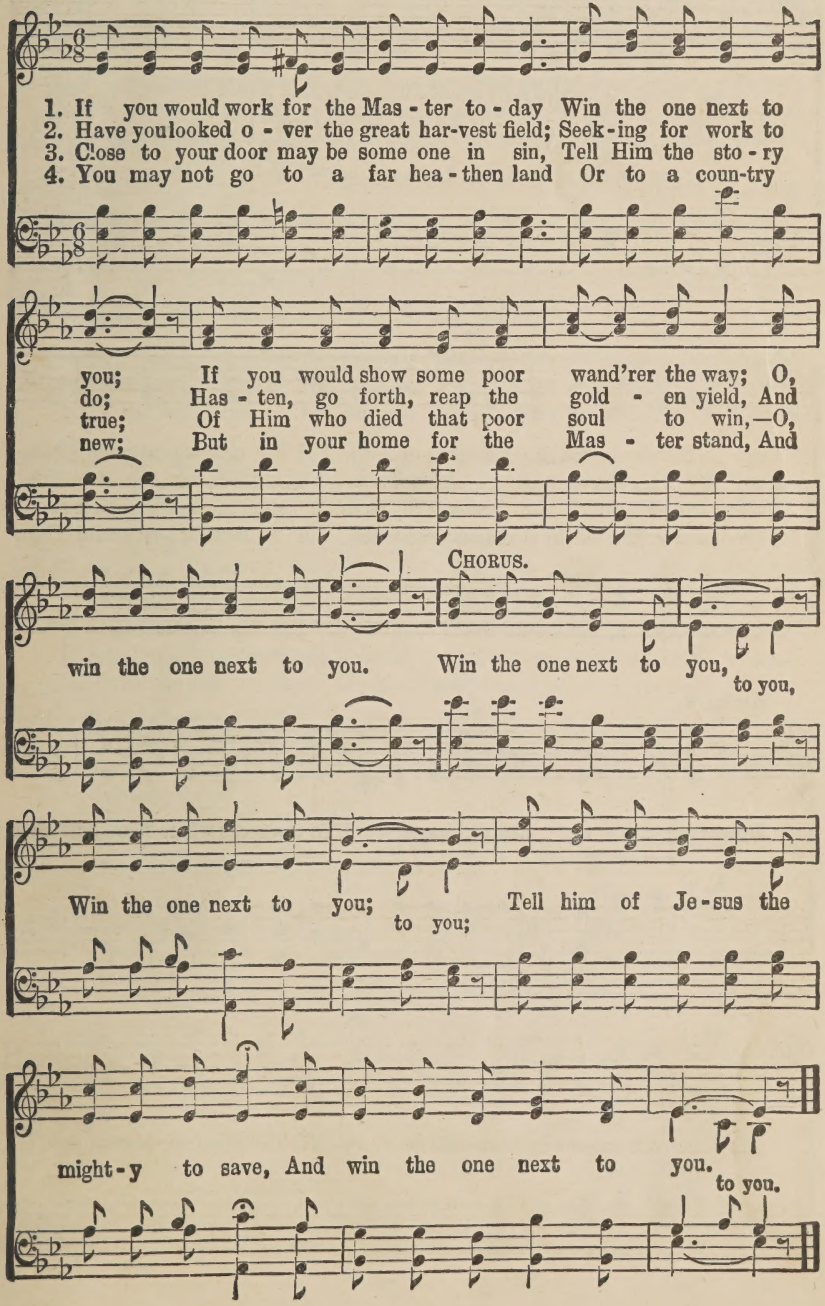
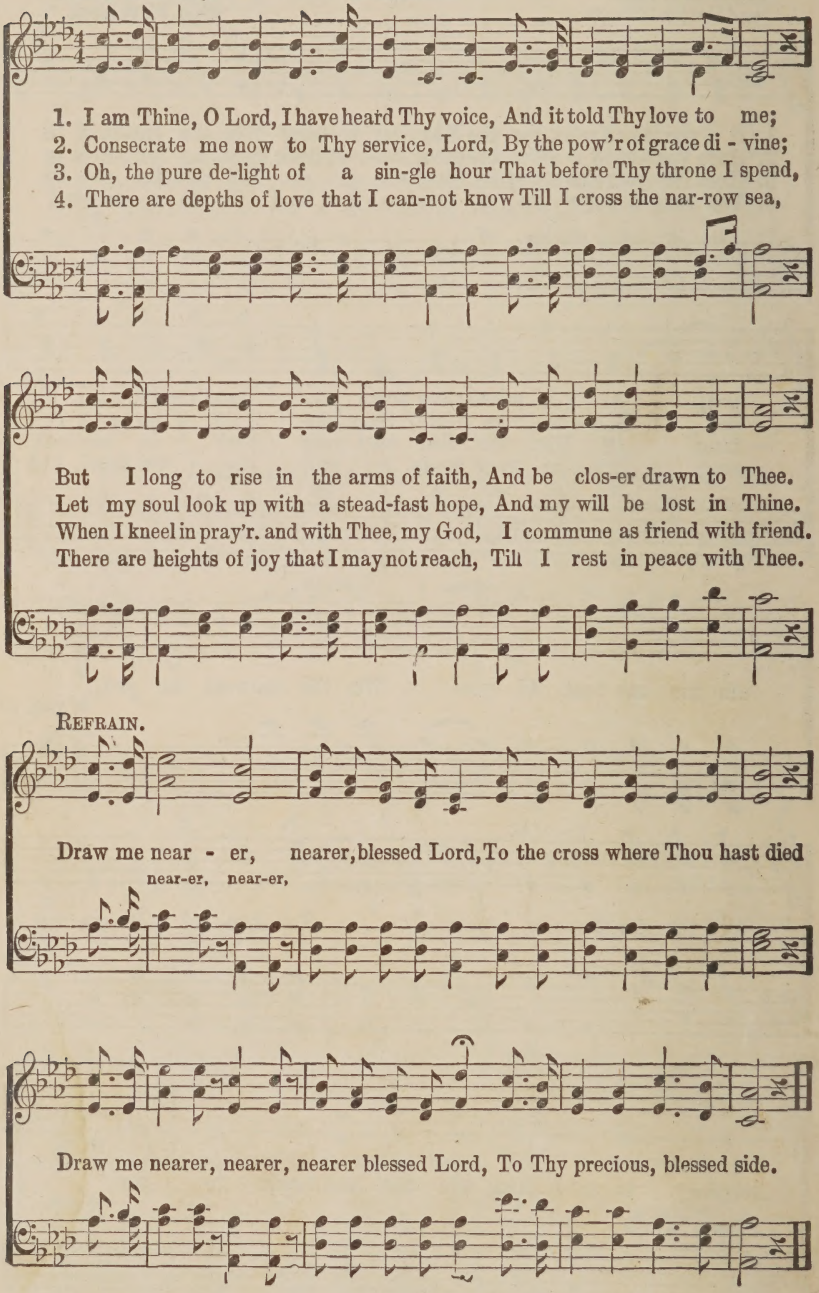

1. If you would work for the Mas - ter to - day Win the one next to
2. Have you looked o - ver the great har-vest field; Seek-ing for work to
3. Close to your door may be some one in sin, Tell Him the sto - ry
4. You may not go to a far hea - then land Or to a coun-try
you; If you would show some poor wand'rer the way; O,
do; Has - ten, go forth, reap the gold - en yield, And
true; Of Him who died that poor soul to win,—O,
new; But in your home for the Mas - ter stand, And
CHORUS.
win the one next to you. Win the one next to you,
to you,
Win the one next to you; Tell him of Je-sus the
to you;
might-y to save, And win the one next to you.
to you.

Draw Me Nearer.

Fanny J. Crosby. BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r. and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy precious, blessed side.

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

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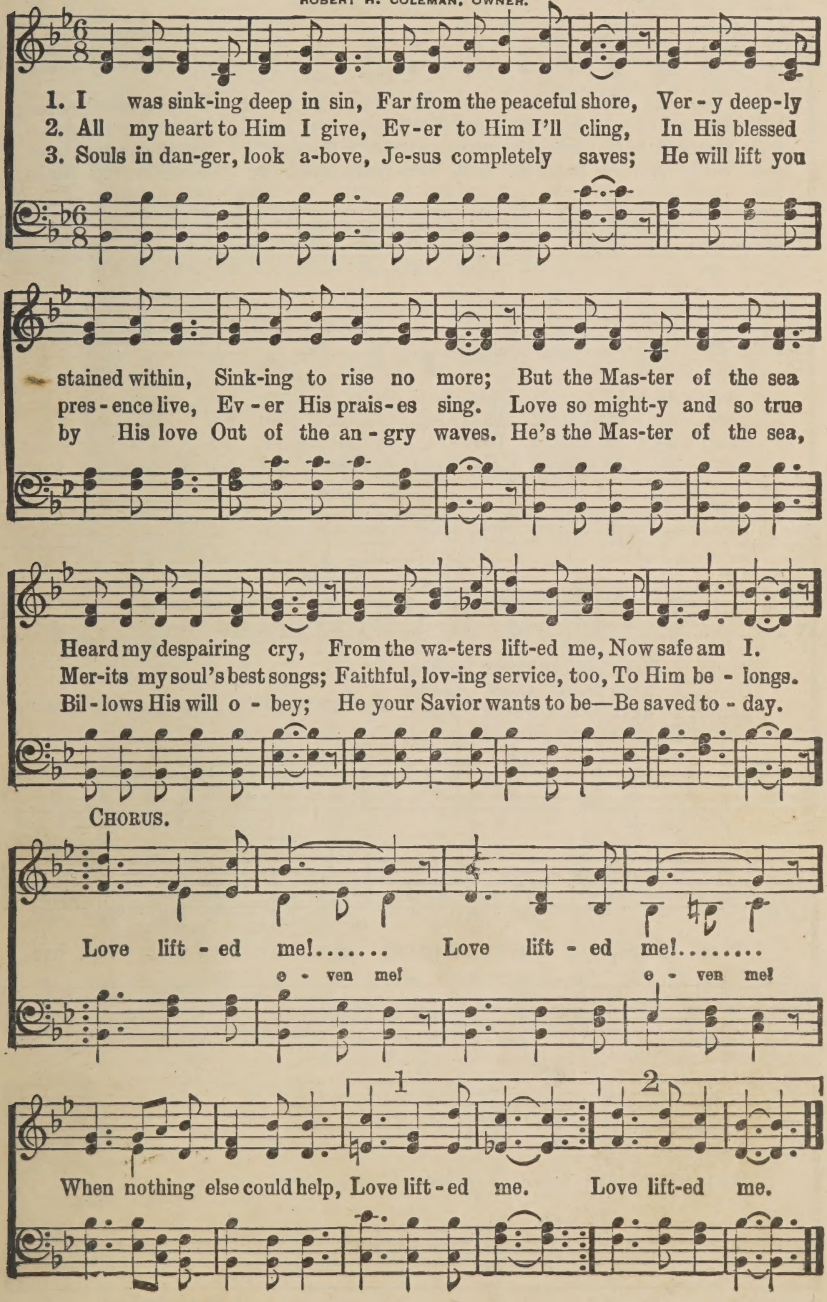
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.
CHORUS.
Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

Wonderful Peace.

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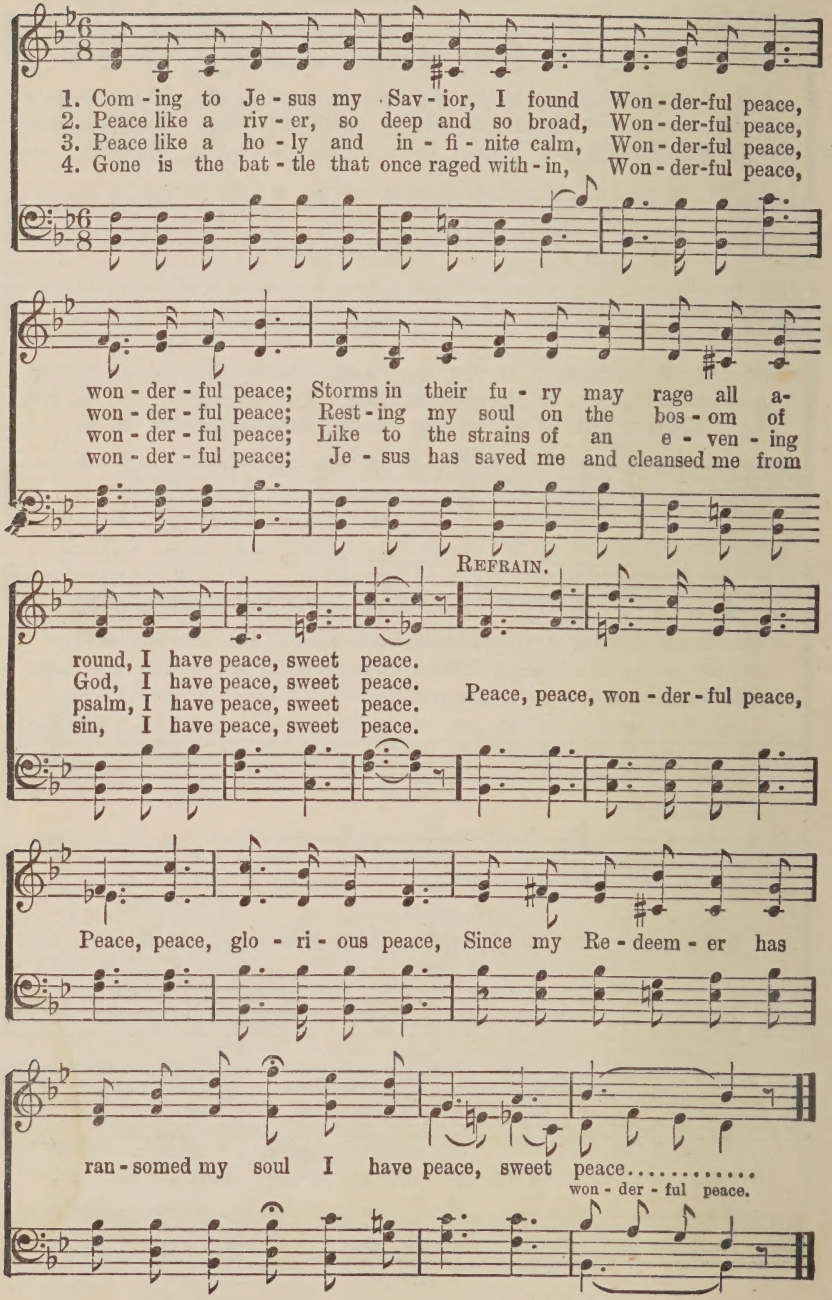
H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der-ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der-ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der-ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der-ful peace,
won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a-
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from
REFRAIN.
round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.
Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,
Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has
ran - somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

9 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

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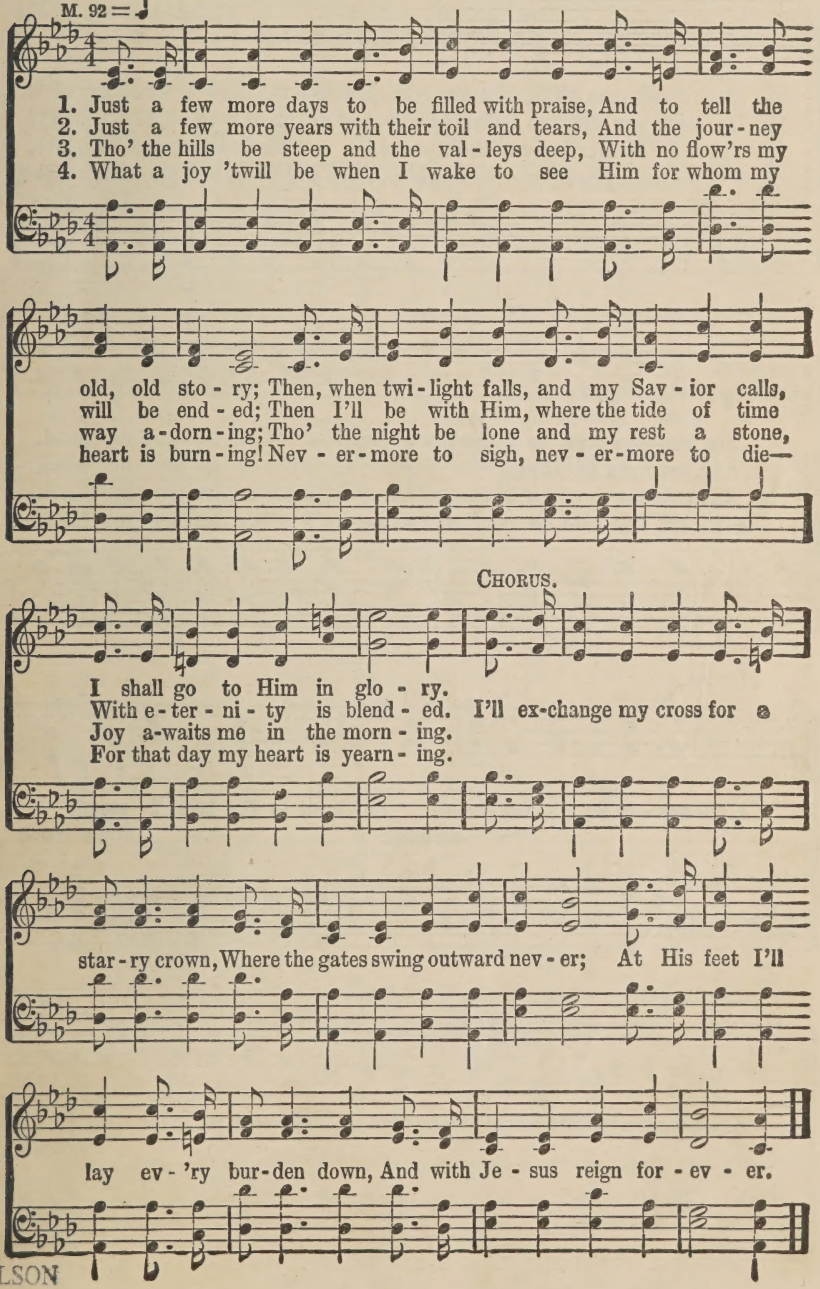
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 = ♩

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my
old, old sto-ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-ior calls,
will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die—
CHORUS.
I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
For that day my heart is yearn-ing.
star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll
lay ev-'ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.

WILSON
NcU

He'll Never Let Go My Hand.

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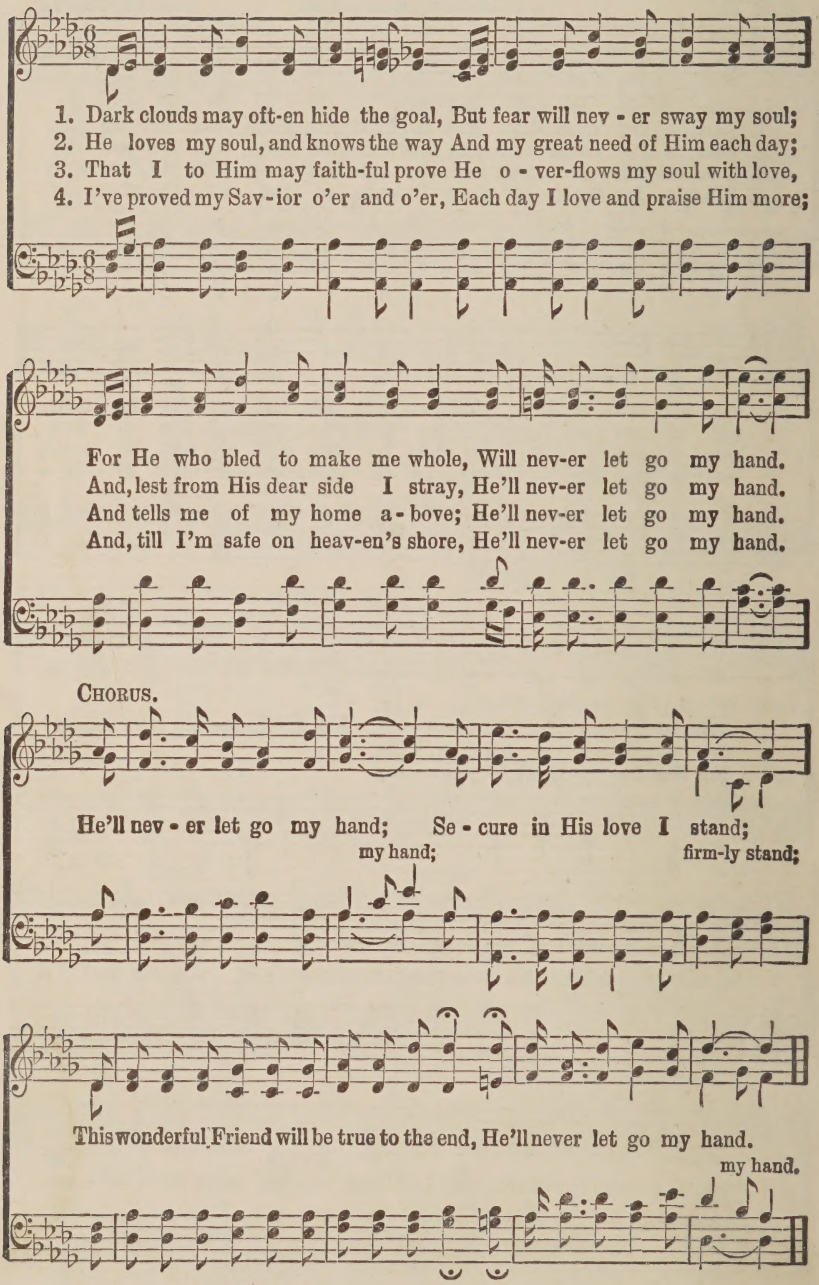
James Rowe. Geo. S. Schuler.


1. Dark clouds may oft-en hide the goal, But fear will nev - er sway my soul;
2. He loves my soul, and knows the way And my great need of Him each day;
3. That I to Him may faith-ful prove He o - ver-flows my soul with love,
4. I've proved my Sav-ior o'er and o'er, Each day I love and praise Him more;
For He who bled to make me whole, Will nev-er let go my hand.
And, lest from His dear side I stray, He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And tells me of my home a-bove; He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And, till I'm safe on heav-en's shore, He'll nev-er let go my hand.
CHORUS.
He'll nev - er let go my hand; Se - cure in His love I stand;
my hand;
firm-ly stand;
This wonderful Friend will be true to the end, He'll never let go my hand.
my hand.

Saved, Saved.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, Se-
3. When I was need - y and all a - lone, In

oth - er Friend so true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing now on His
love He said to me,..... "Come, wea-ry one, I will

ran - somed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

It Pays to Serve Jesus.

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F. C. H. Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleasure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je - sus whate'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al - loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem - er each toil will re - pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev - 'ry

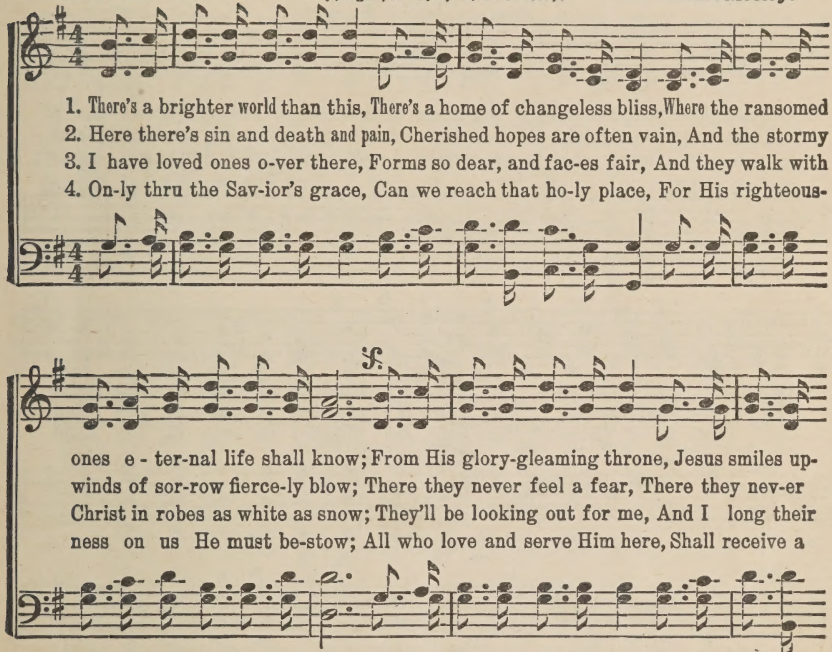
day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev - 'ry step of the way;

glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

Sturgis and Shields sing this duet on Columbia record, made for the Standard Publishing Co.

13 That Is Where I Want to Go.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosley. T. B. Mosley.


1. There's a brighter world than this, There's a home of changeless bliss, Where the ransomed
2. Here there's sin and death and pain, Cherished hopes are often vain, And the stormy
3. I have loved ones o-ver there, Forms so dear, and fac-es fair, And they walk with
4. On-ly thru the Sav-ior's grace, Can we reach that ho-ly place, For His righteous-
ones e - ter-nal life shall know; From His glory-gleaming throne, Jesus smiles up-
winds of sor-row fierce-ly blow; There they never feel a fear, There they nev-er
Christ in robes as white as snow; They'll be looking out for me, And I long their
ness on us He must be-stow; All who love and serve Him here, Shall receive a
D. S.—That is where I want to go, Vast e - ter - ni-
FINE
REFRAIN.
on His own, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
shed a tear, O I tell you that is where I want to go. That is where I
smiles to see, O I tell you that is where I mean to go.
welcome there, O my brother, tell me, don't you want to go?
ty to spend, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
D. S.
want to go, That is where I want to go, When this earth-ly life shall end,

I'm Trusting My All In His Hand.

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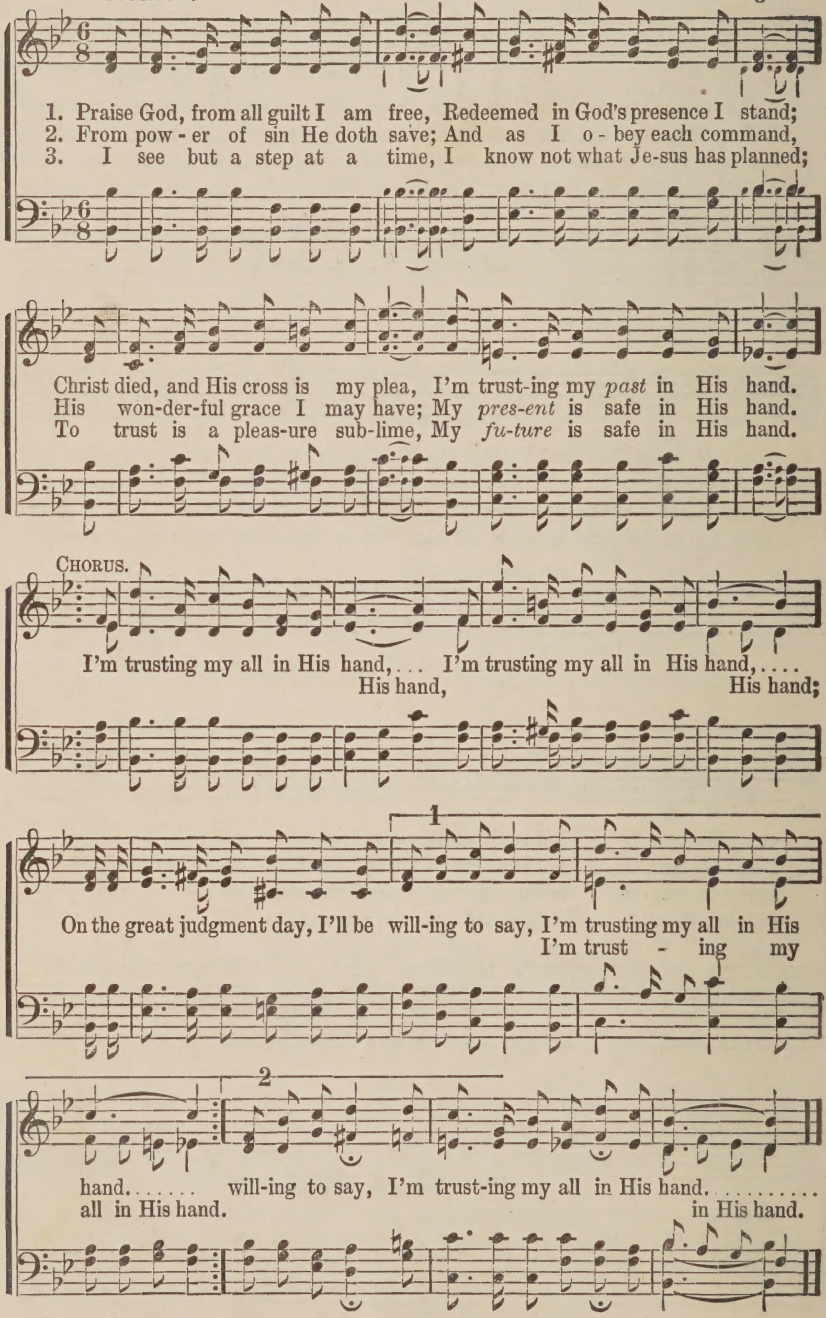
Dr. W. S. Martin. J. E. Sturgis.

1. Praise God, from all guilt I am free, Redeemed in God's presence I stand;
2. From pow - er of sin He doth save; And as I o - bey each command,
3. I see but a step at a time, I know not what Je-sus has planned;
Christ died, and His cross is my plea, I'm trust-ing my *past* in His hand.
His won-der-ful grace I may have; My *pres-ent* is safe in His hand.
To trust is a pleas-ure sub-lime, My *fu-ture* is safe in His hand.
CHORUS.
I'm trusting my all in His hand,... I'm trusting my all in His hand,....
His hand, His hand;
1
On the great judgment day, I'll be will-ing to say, I'm trusting my all in His
I'm trust - ing my
2
hand..... will-ing to say, I'm trust-ing my all in His hand. .....
all in His hand. in His hand.

J. E. Sturgis sings this song on Columbia record, made for The Standard Publishing Co.

15 The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

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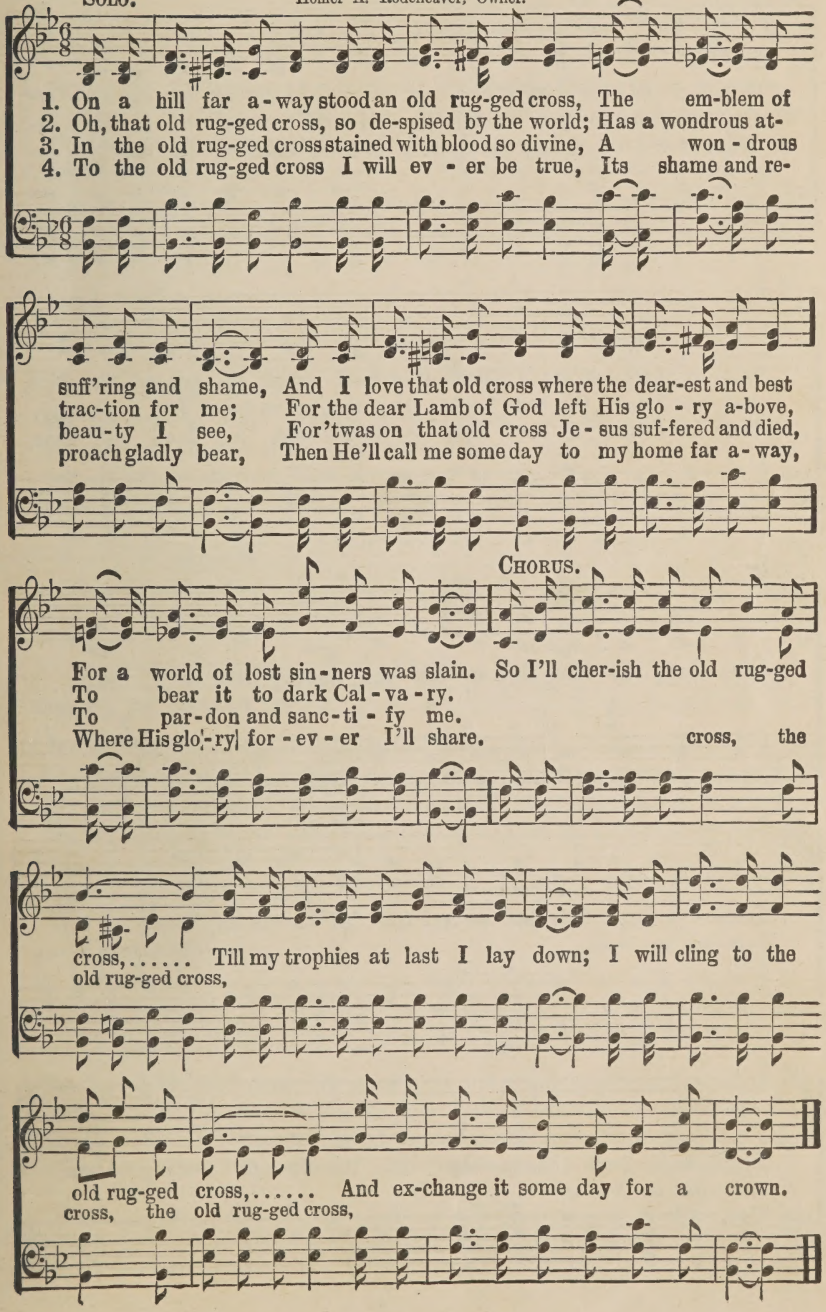
SOLO.


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world; Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross stained with blood so divine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

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E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-

last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms! I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms; Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je-sus, Lean - ing on Je-sus,

Lean - - ing, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

17 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.
4th v. and arr. by C. R. S.

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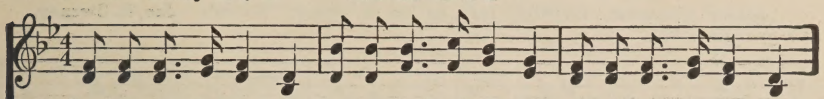
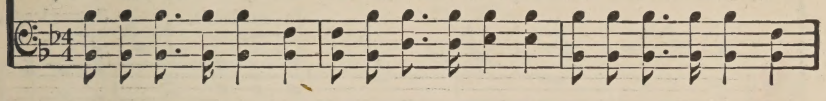
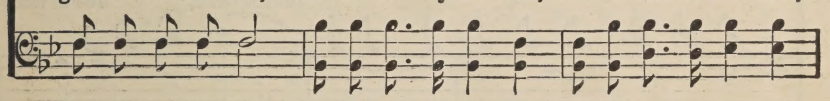
George A. Minor

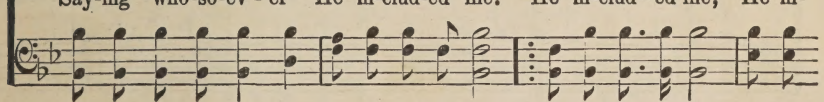


1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sow-ing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
4. Blessed who-so-ev-er is the in-vi-ta-tion, We are all in-clud-ed,

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,
grace is full and free; Men of ev-'ry na-tion, swell a-loud the cho-rus,

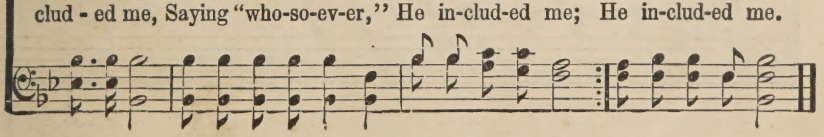


CHORUS.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing souls to Christ, bringing
Say-ing "who-so-ev-er" He in-clud-ed me. He in-clud-ed me, He in-



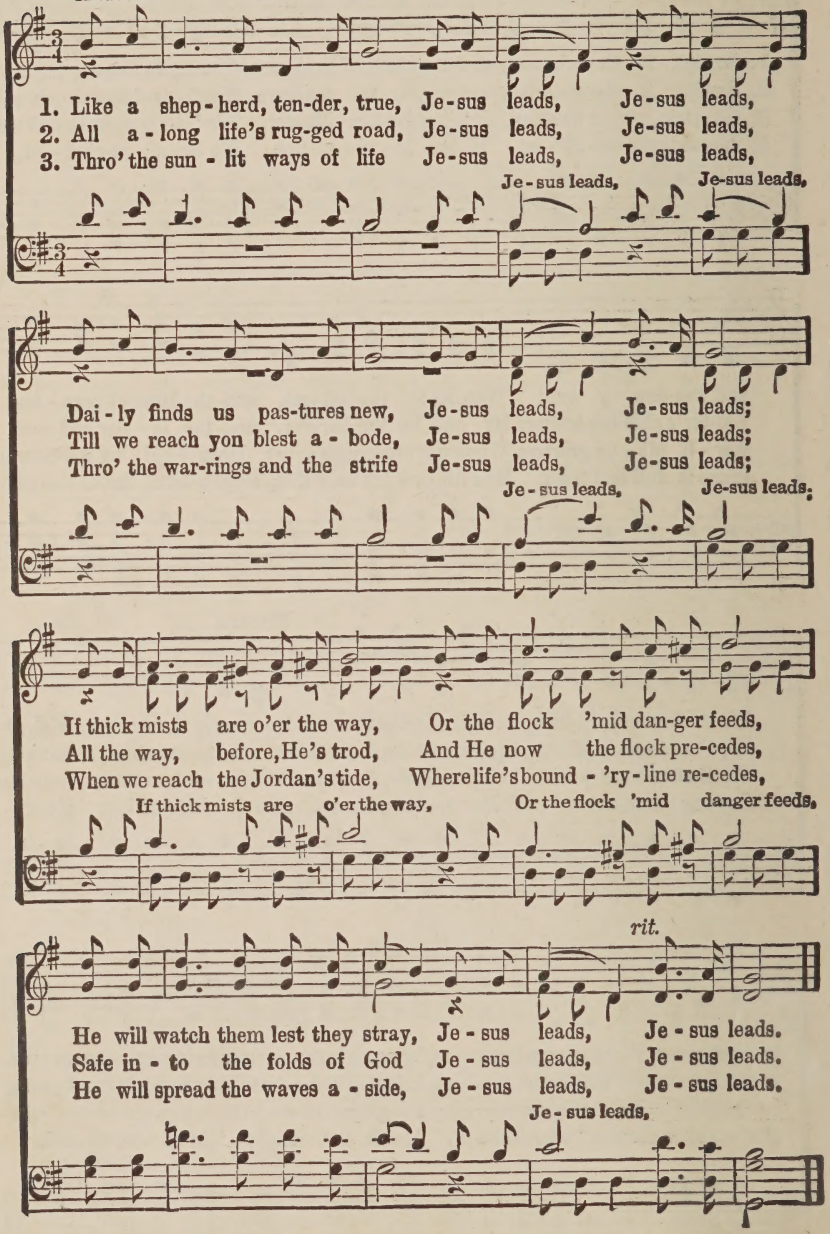
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
souls to Christ, We shall come rejoicing, bringing souls to Christ; bringing souls to Christ.
clud-ed me, Saying "who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; He in-clud-ed me.



Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

John R. Clements. Copyright, 1920, by Jno. R. Sweney. Renewal. Jno. R. Sweney.

Andante.

1. Like a shep - herd, ten-der, true, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
2. All a - long life's rug-ged road, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
Dai - ly finds us pas-tures new, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan-ger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock pre-cedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - 'ry - line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the folds of God Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Je - sus leads.

19 The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with

beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
mount-ains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fus - ion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your pathway, un-er- ring, be wend - ing Tow'rd the
bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful gates of gold? O the beau-ti-ful gates of gold,...
way from the gates of gold?
beau - ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold. of gold,

O the beau- ti - ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walking to - day

In the heav - en-ward way, To the beau- ti - ful gates of gold (of gold)?

The City of Dreams.

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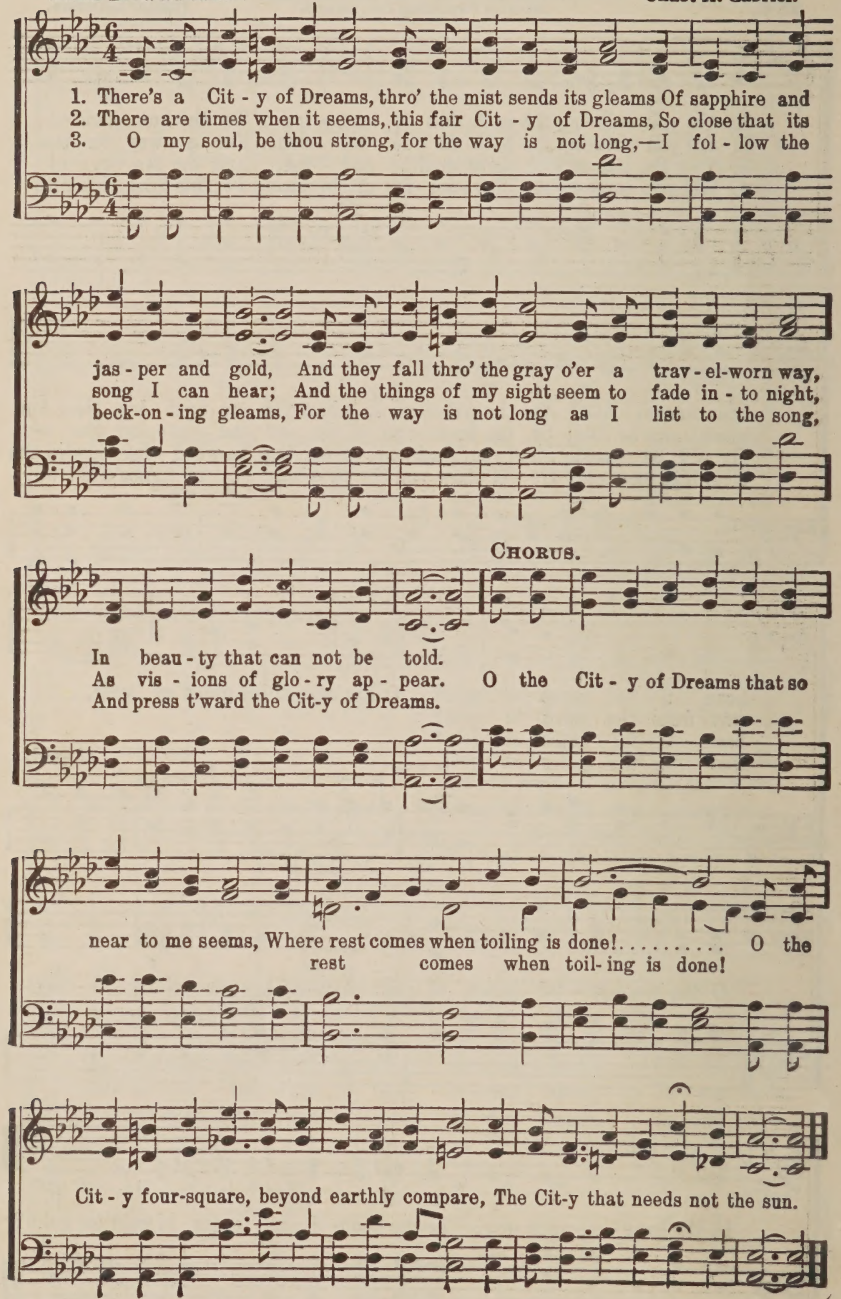
Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a Cit - y of Dreams, thro' the mist sends its gleams Of sapphire and
2. There are times when it seems, this fair Cit - y of Dreams, So close that its
3. O my soul, be thou strong, for the way is not long,—I fol - low the
jas - per and gold, And they fall thro' the gray o'er a trav - el-worn way,
song I can hear; And the things of my sight seem to fade in - to night,
beck-on - ing gleams, For the way is not long as I list to the song,
Chorus.
In beau - ty that can not be told.
As vis - ions of glo - ry ap - pear. O the Cit - y of Dreams that so
And press t'ward the Cit-y of Dreams.
near to me seems, Where rest comes when toiling is done!..... O the
rest comes when toil - ing is done!
Cit - y four-square, beyond earthly compare, The Cit-y that needs not the sun.

Going On.

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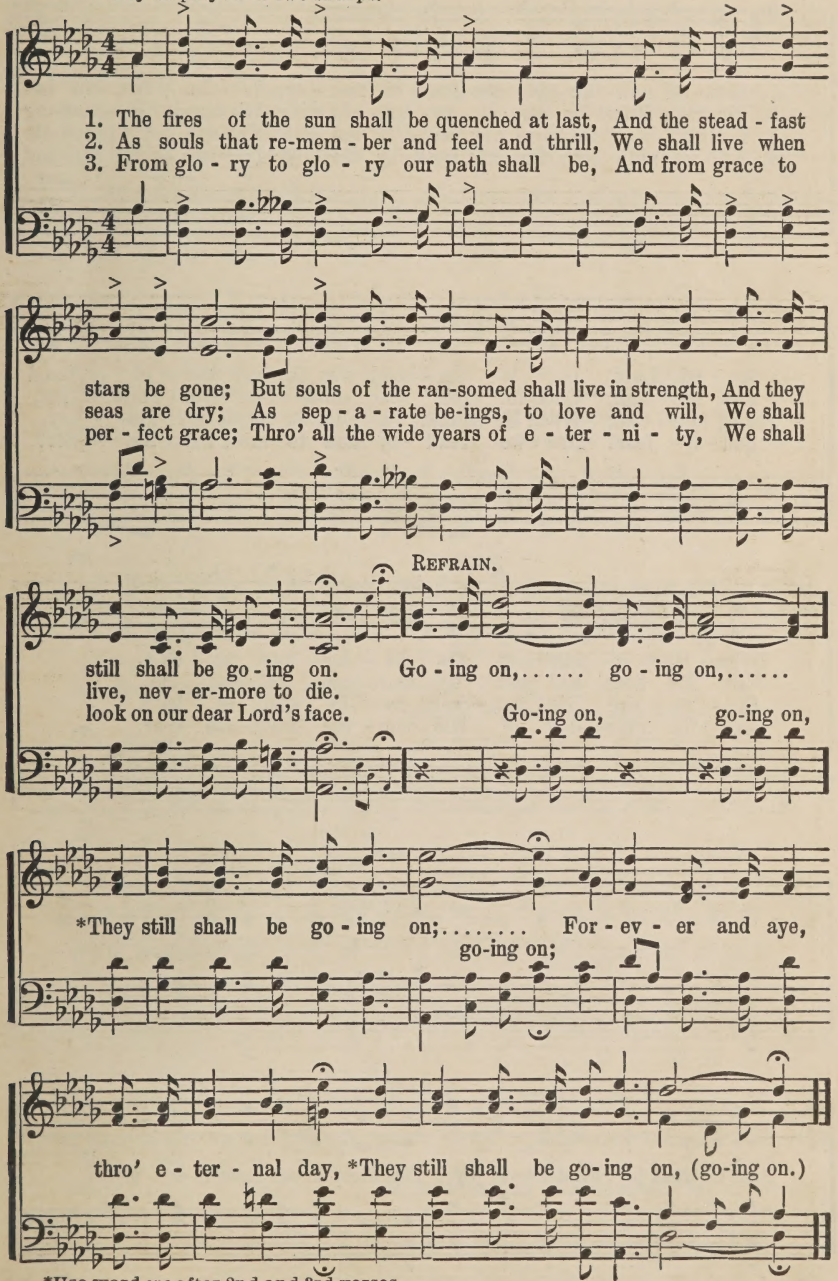
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

May be played in two sharps.

1. The fires of the sun shall be quenched at last, And the stead - fast
2. As souls that re-mem - ber and feel and thrill, We shall live when
3. From glo - ry to glo - ry our path shall be, And from grace to
stars be gone; But souls of the ran-somed shall live in strength, And they
seas are dry; As sep - a - rate be-ings, to love and will, We shall
per - fect grace; Thro' all the wide years of e - ter - ni - ty, We shall
REFRAIN.
still shall be go - ing on. Go - ing on,..... go - ing on,.....
live, nev - er-more to die.
look on our dear Lord's face. Go-ing on, go-ing on,
*They still shall be go - ing on;..... For - ev - er and aye,
go-ing on;
thro' e - ter - nal day, *They still shall be go-ing on, (go-ing on.)

*Use word *we* after 2nd and 3rd verses.

O Praise His Name.

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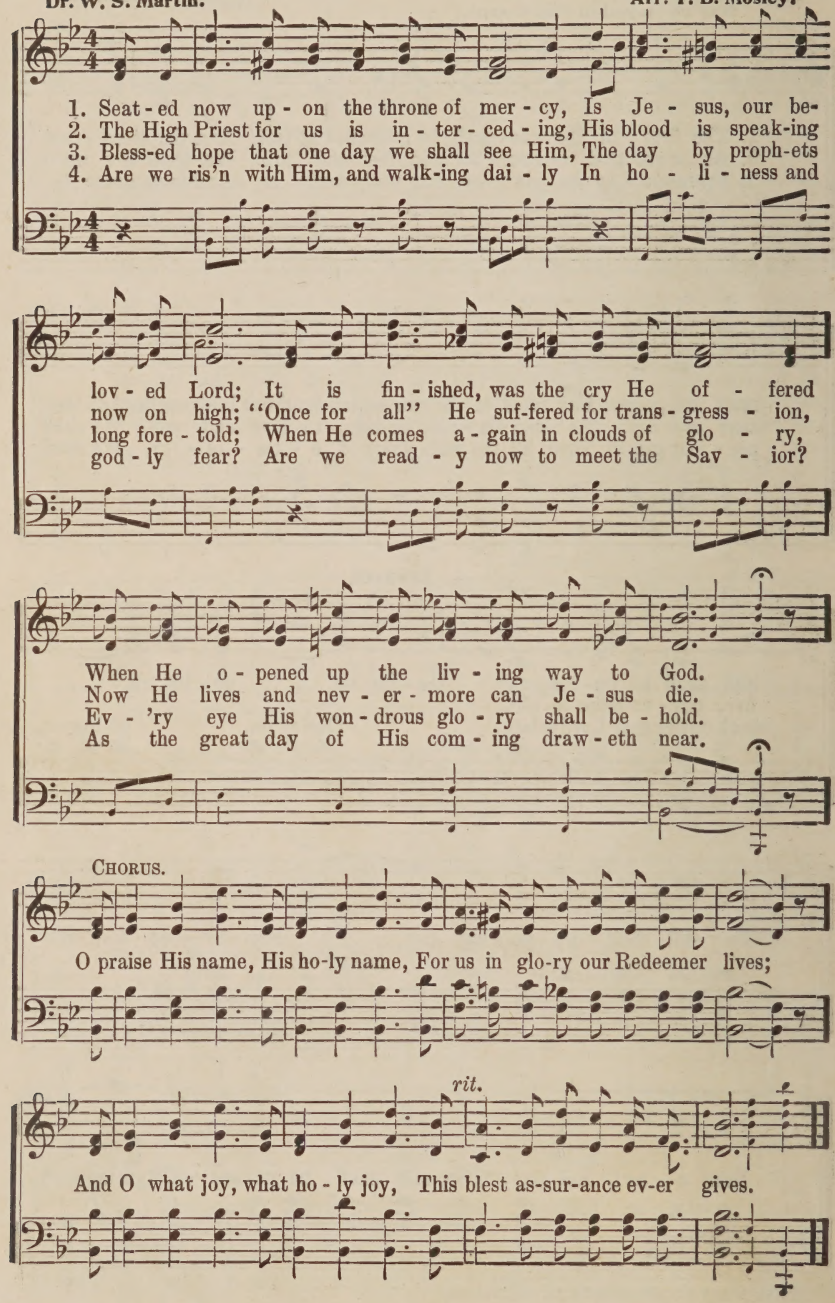
Dr. W. S. Martin.

Hawaiian Folk Song.
Arr. T. B. Mosley.

1. Seat - ed now up - on the throne of mer - cy, Is Je - sus, our be-
2. The High Priest for us is in - ter - ced - ing, His blood is speak-ing
3. Bless-ed hope that one day we shall see Him, The day by proph-ets
4. Are we ris'n with Him, and walk-ing dai - ly In ho - li - ness and
lov - ed Lord; It is fin - ished, was the cry He of - fered
now on high; "Once for all" He suf-fered for trans - gress - ion,
long fore - told; When He comes a - gain in clouds of glo - ry,
god - ly fear? Are we read - y now to meet the Sav - ior?
When He o - pened up the liv - ing way to God.
Now He lives and nev - er - more can Je - sus die.
Ev - 'ry eye His won - drous glo - ry shall be - hold.
As the great day of His com - ing draw - eth near.
CHORUS.
O praise His name, His ho-ly name, For us in glo-ry our Redeemer lives;
rit.
And O what joy, what ho - ly joy, This blest as-sur-ance ev-er gives.

23 Standing On the Promises.

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R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter- nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can not fall, List'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv -ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com- ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest- ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

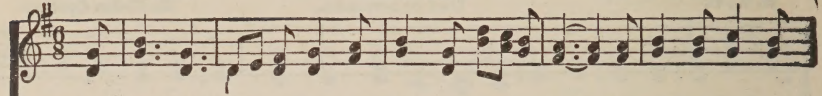
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav-iour; Stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is - es,

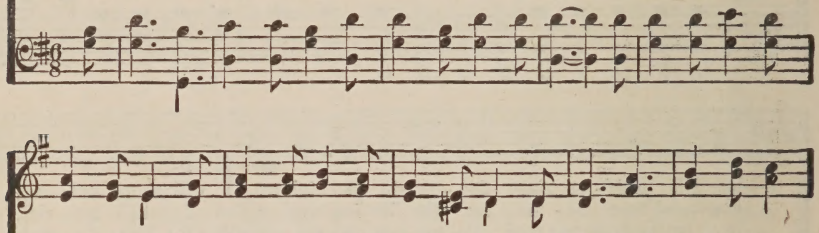
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
standing on the prom-is - es,

We're Marching to Zion.

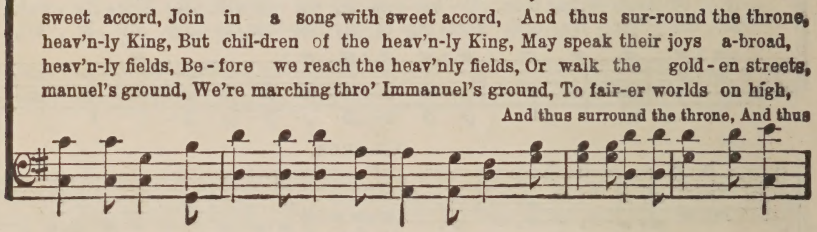
Rev. I. Watts; COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.



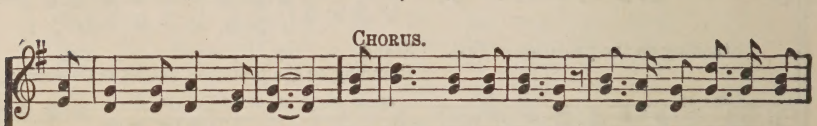
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

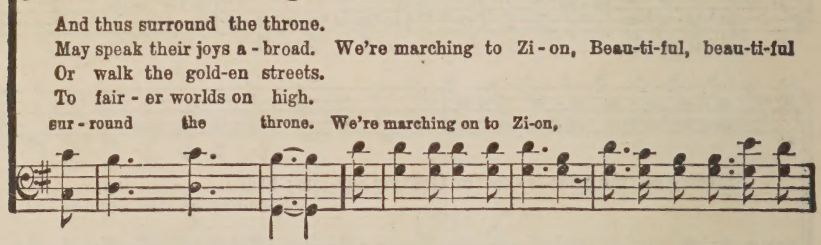


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

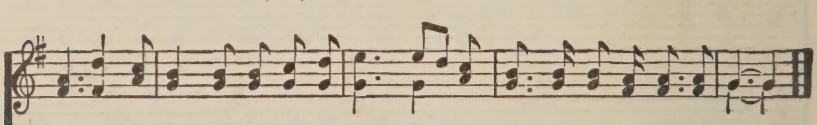


And thus surround the throne, And thus

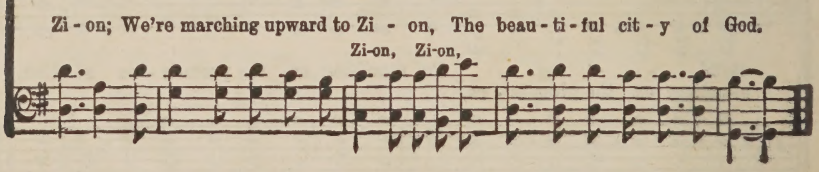
CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.



sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



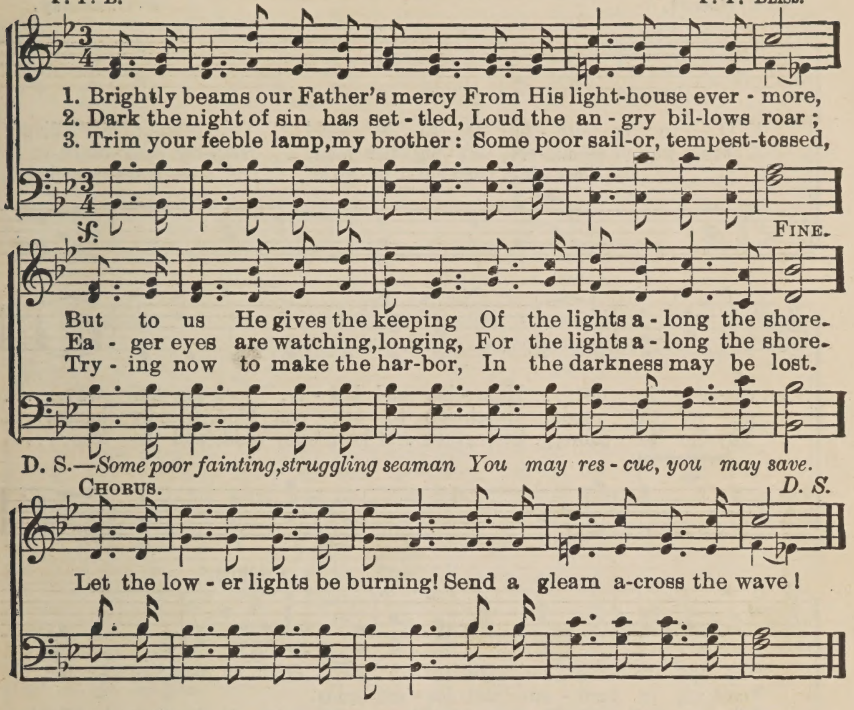
Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.



Zi-on, Zi-on,

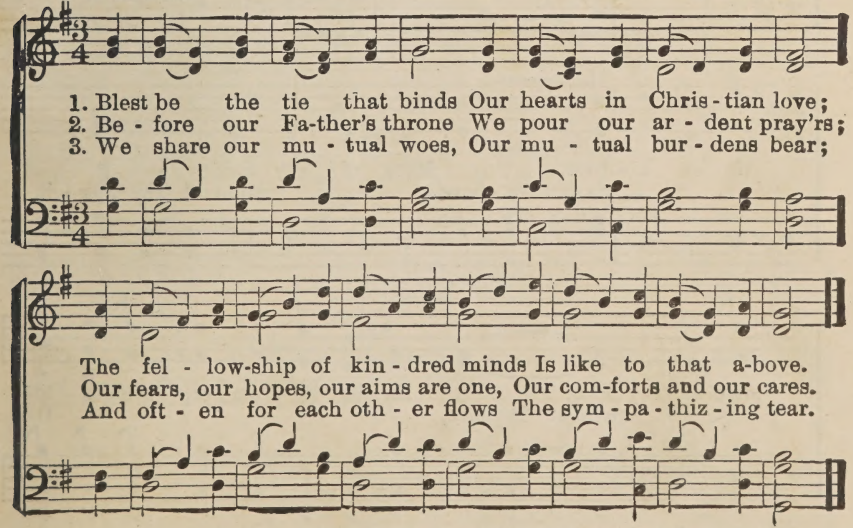
25 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ever - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or, tempest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.
Fine.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.
Chorus.
D. S.
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

26 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

O to Be Faithful.

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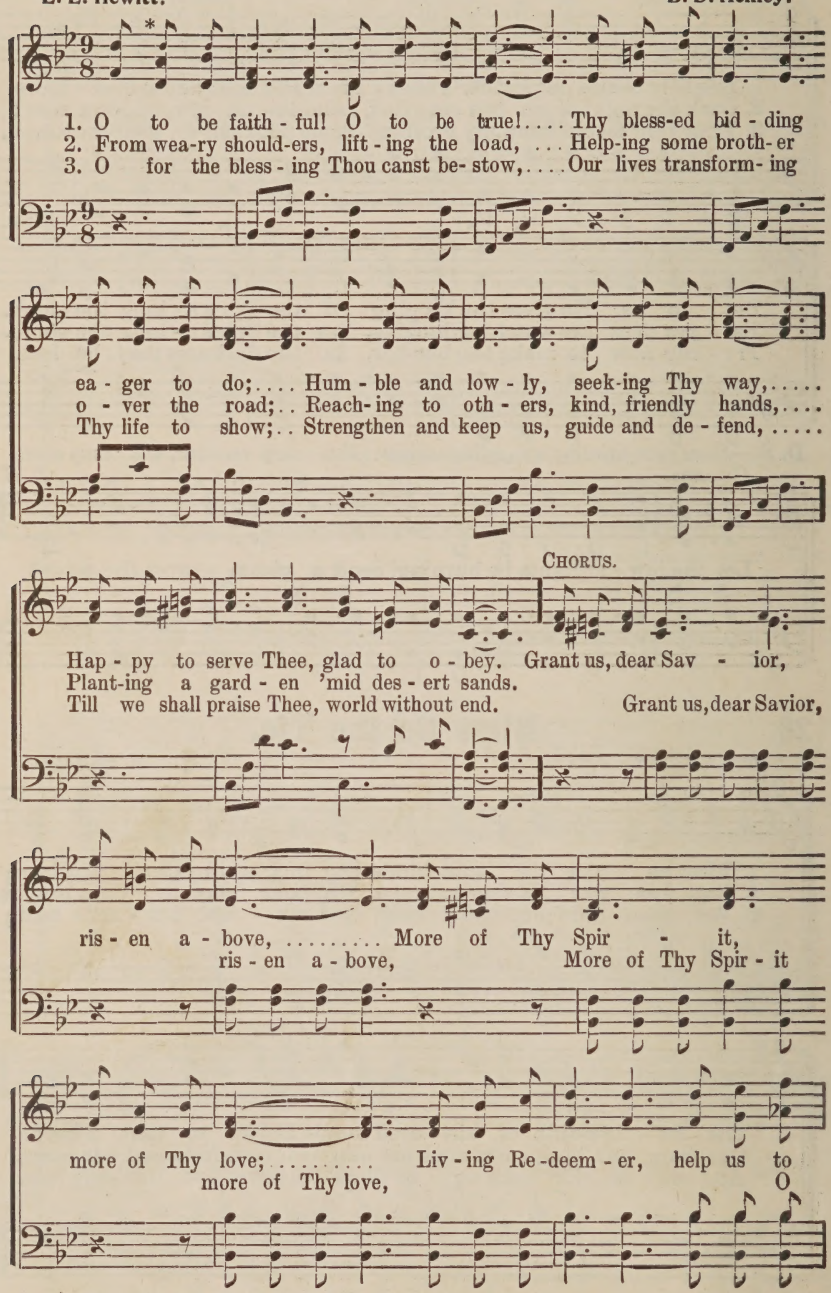
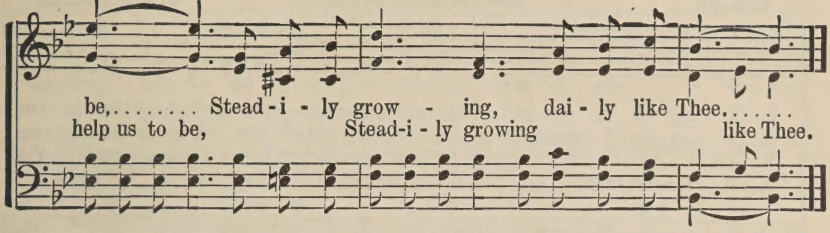
E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

1. O to be faith - ful! O to be true!.... Thy bless-ed bid - ding
2. From wea-ry should-ers, lift - ing the load, ... Help-ing some broth- er
3. O for the bless - ing Thou canst be- stow,.... Our lives transform- ing
ea - ger to do;.... Hum - ble and low - ly, seek-ing Thy way,.....
o - ver the road;.. Reach- ing to oth - ers, kind, friendly hands,....
Thy life to show;.. Strengthen and keep us, guide and de - fend, ...
CHORUS.
Hap - py to serve Thee, glad to o - bey. Grant us, dear Sav - ior,
Plant-ing a gard - en 'mid des - ert sands.
Till we shall praise Thee, world without end. Grant us, dear Savior,
ris - en a - bove, ... More of Thy Spir - it,
ris - en a - bove, More of Thy Spir - it
more of Thy love; ..... Liv - ing Re - deem - er, help us to
more of Thy love, O

* A few selected voices should sing the grace notes.

O to Be Faithful.



28 God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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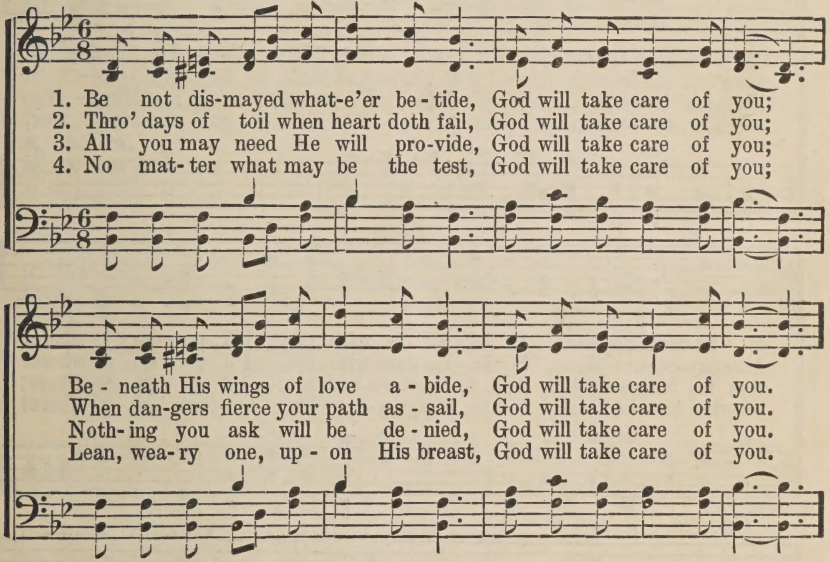
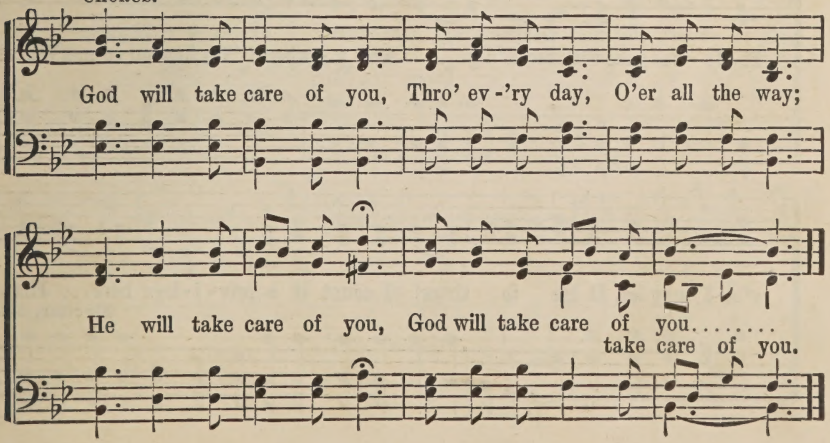
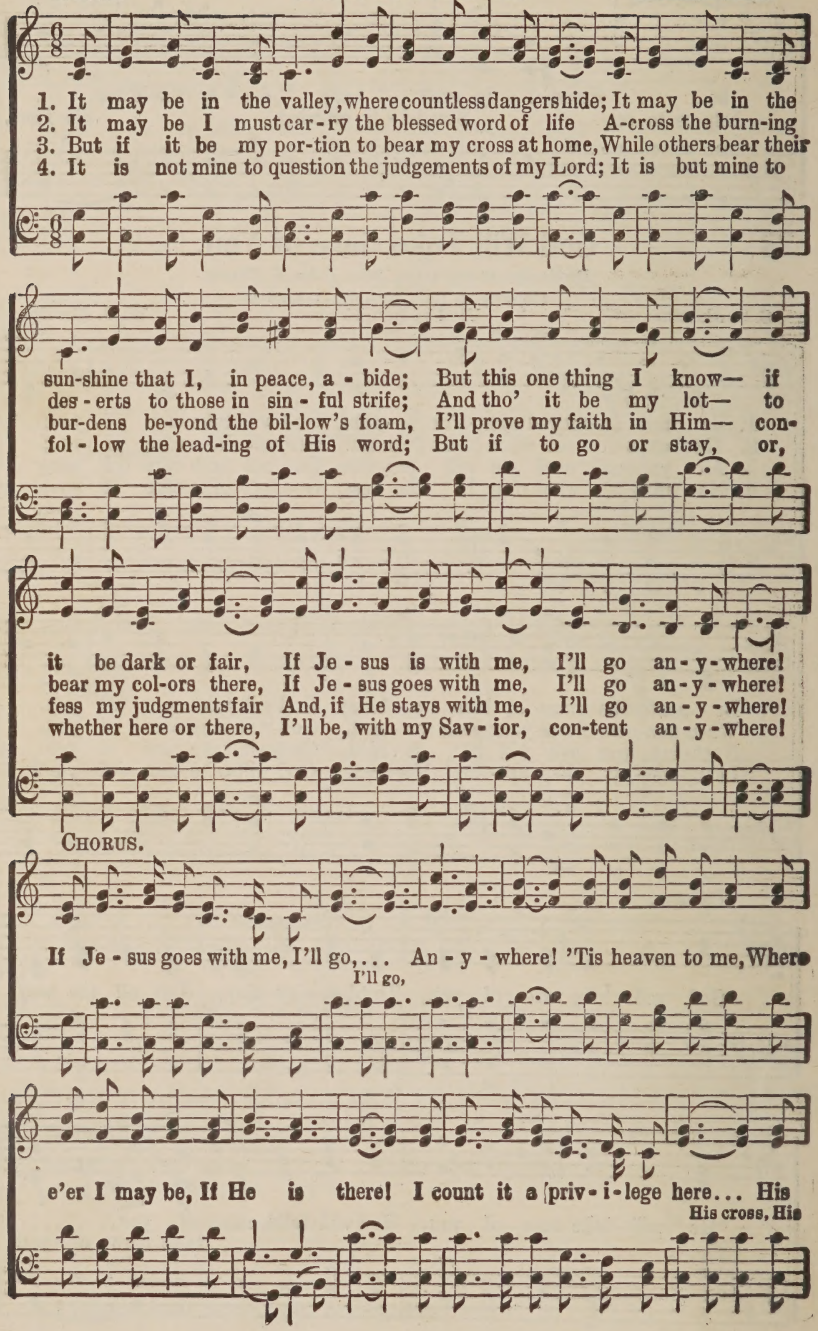
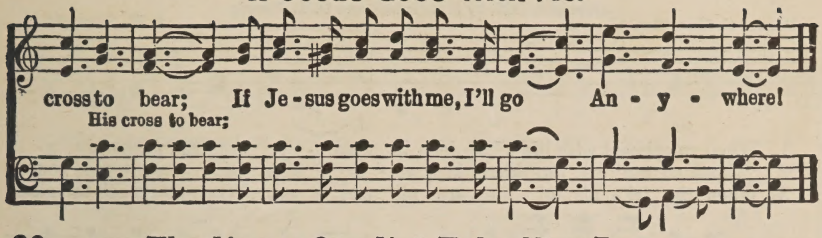
C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the blessed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to question the judgements of my Lord; It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot— to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ing of His word; But if to go or stay, or,
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess my judgments fair And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an-y-where!
Chorus.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go,... An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
I'll go,
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a (priv-i-lege here... His
His cross, His

If Jesus Goes With Me.



30 The Years Can Not Take Him Away.

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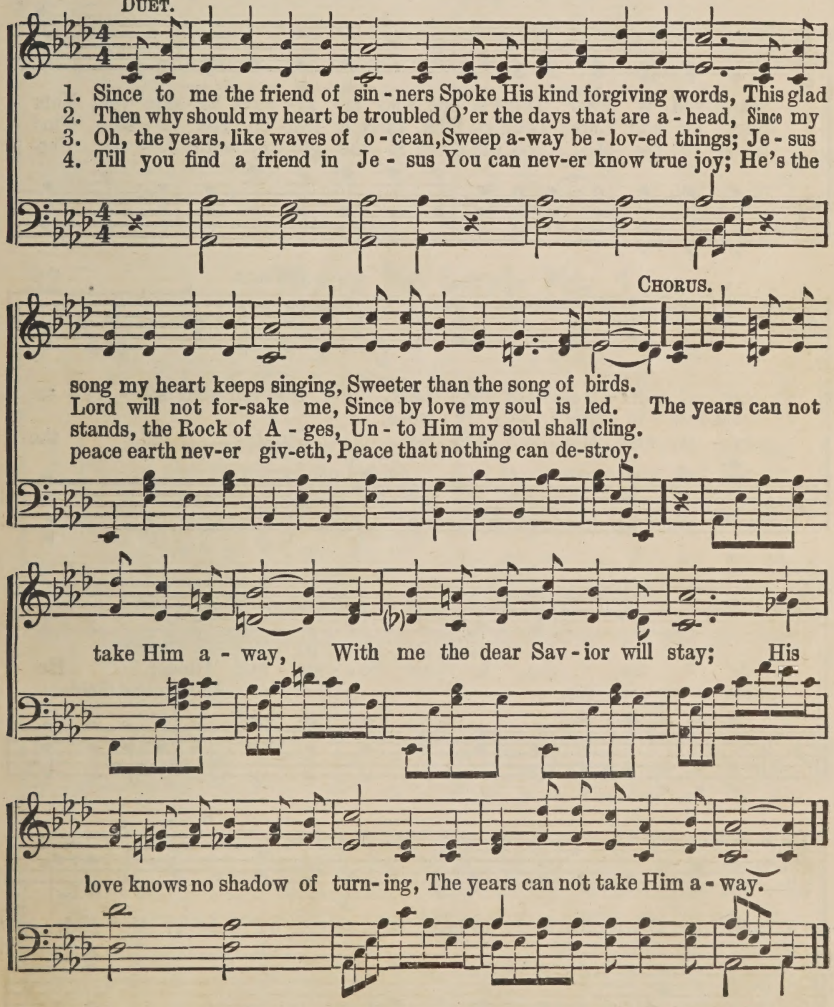
Maud Frazer Jackson. Haldor Lillenas.

DUET.


1. Since to me the friend of sin - ners Spoke His kind forgiving words, This glad
2. Then why should my heart be troubled O'er the days that are a - head, Since my
3. Oh, the years, like waves of o - cean, Sweep a-way be - lov-ed things; Je - sus
4. Till you find a friend in Je - sus You can nev-er know true joy; He's the
CHORUS.
song my heart keeps singing, Sweeter than the song of birds.
Lord will not for-sake me, Since by love my soul is led. The years can not
stands, the Rock of A - ges, Un - to Him my soul shall cling.
peace earth nev-er giv-eth, Peace that nothing can de-stroy.
take Him a - way, With me the dear Sav - ior will stay; His
love knows no shadow of turn - ing, The years can not take Him a - way.

31 Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.

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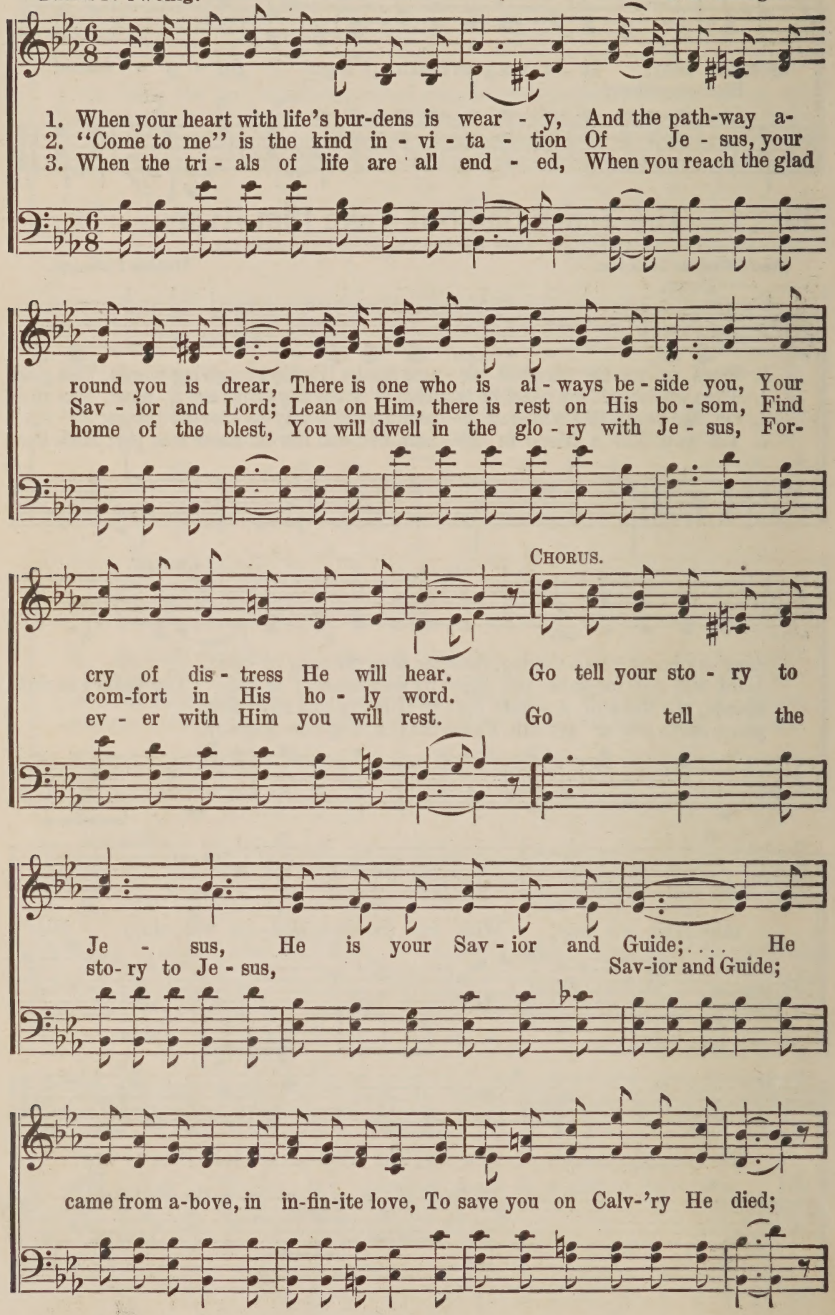
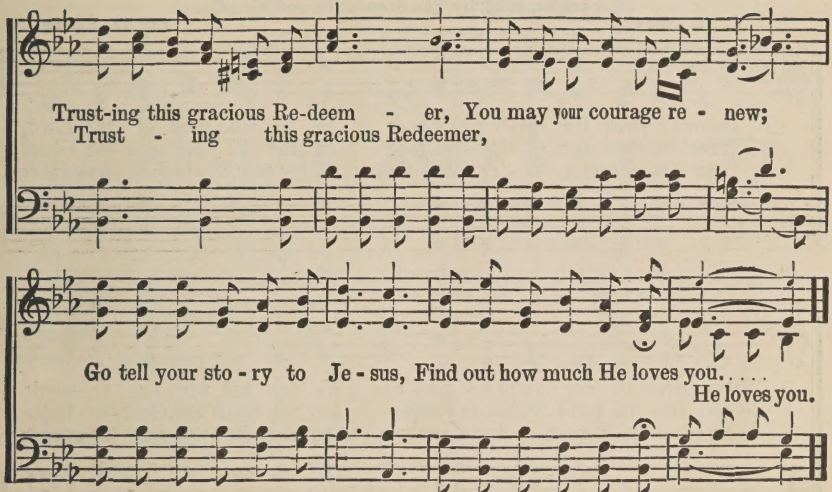
Daniel S. Twohig. J. E. Sturgis.


1. When your heart with life's bur-dens is wear - y, And the path-way a-
2. "Come to me" is the kind in - vi - ta - tion Of Je - sus, your
3. When the tri - als of life are all end - ed, When you reach the glad
round you is drear, There is one who is al - ways be - side you, Your
Sav - ior and Lord; Lean on Him, there is rest on His bo - som, Find
home of the blest, You will dwell in the glo - ry with Je - sus, For-
CHORUS.
cry of dis - tress He will hear. Go tell your sto - ry to
com-fort in His ho - ly word.
ev - er with Him you will rest. Go tell the
Je - sus, He is your Sav - ior and Guide;.... He
sto- ry to Je - sus, Sav-ior and Guide;
came from a-bove, in in-fin-ite love, To save you on Calv-'ry He died;

Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.


Trust-ing this gracious Re-deem - er, You may your courage re - new;
Trust - ing this gracious Redeemer,
Go tell your sto - ry to Je - sus, Find out how much He loves you.....
He loves you.

32 Where He Leads Me.

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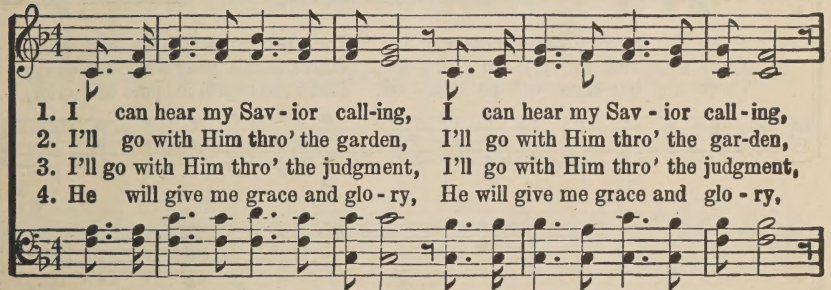
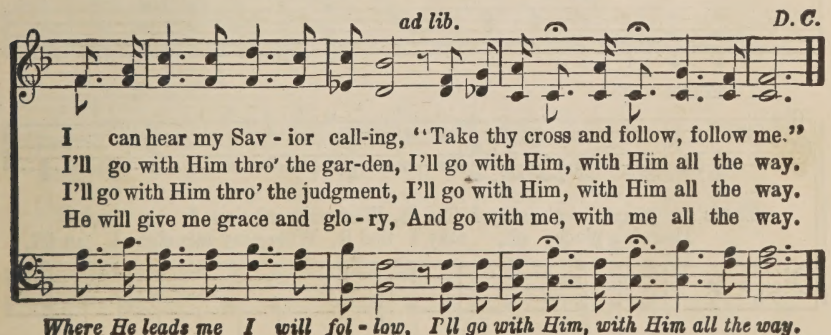
B. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C. - Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,


ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Help Me Find My Place.

Dedicated to the Loyal Movement.

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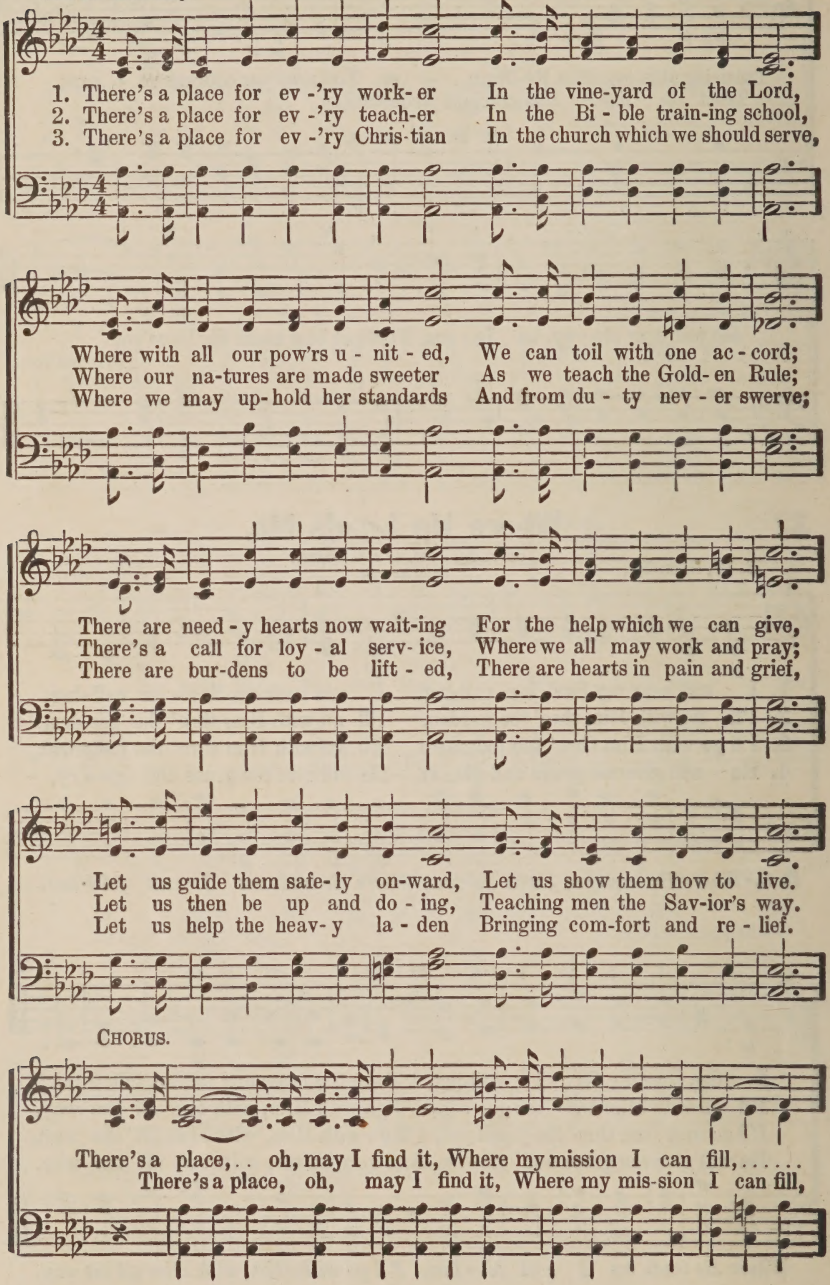
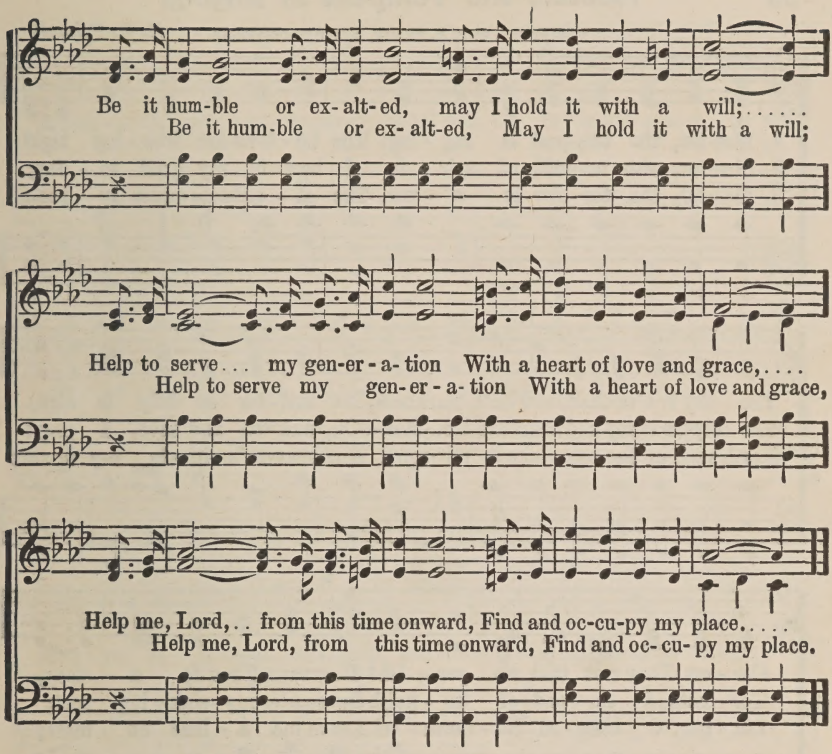
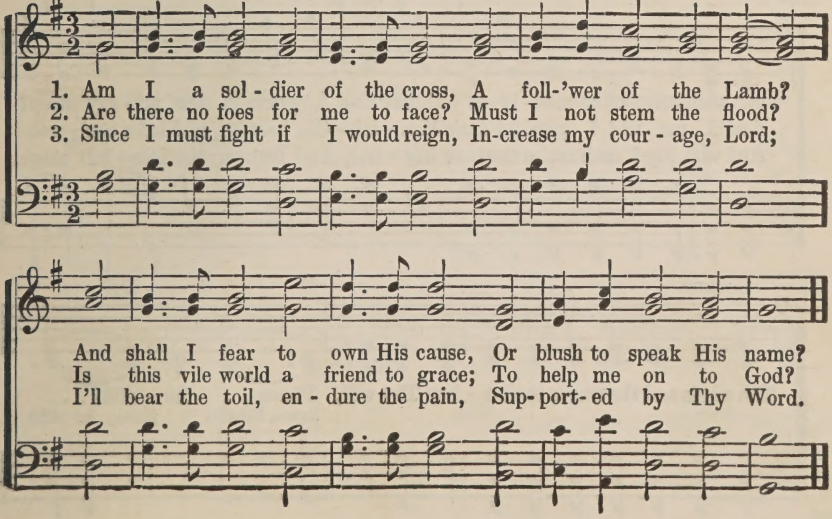
Neal A. McAulay. DeLoss Smith.


1. There's a place for ev -'ry work- er In the vine-yard of the Lord,
2. There's a place for ev -'ry teach-er In the Bi - ble train-ing school,
3. There's a place for ev -'ry Chris-tian In the church which we should serve,
Where with all our pow'rs u - nit - ed, We can toil with one ac - cord;
Where our na-tures are made sweeter As we teach the Gold- en Rule;
Where we may up-hold her standards And from du - ty nev - er swerve;
There are need - y hearts now wait-ing For the help which we can give,
There's a call for loy - al serv- ice, Where we all may work and pray;
There are bur-dens to be lift - ed, There are hearts in pain and grief,
Let us guide them safe- ly on-ward, Let us show them how to live.
Let us then be up and do - ing, Teaching men the Sav-ior's way.
Let us help the heav- y la - den Bringing com-fort and re - lief.
CHORUS.
There's a place,.. oh, may I find it, Where my mission I can fill,.....
There's a place, oh, may I find it, Where my mis-sion I can fill,

Help Me Find My Place.


Be it hum-ble or ex-alt-ed, may I hold it with a will;.....
Be it hum-ble or ex-alt-ed, May I hold it with a will;
Help to serve... my gen-er-a-tion With a heart of love and grace,....
Help to serve my gen-er-a-tion With a heart of love and grace,
Help me, Lord,.. from this time onward, Find and oc-cu-py my place.....
Help me, Lord, from this time onward, Find and oc-cu-py my place.

34 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace; To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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H. R. Palmer

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with - in my breast;

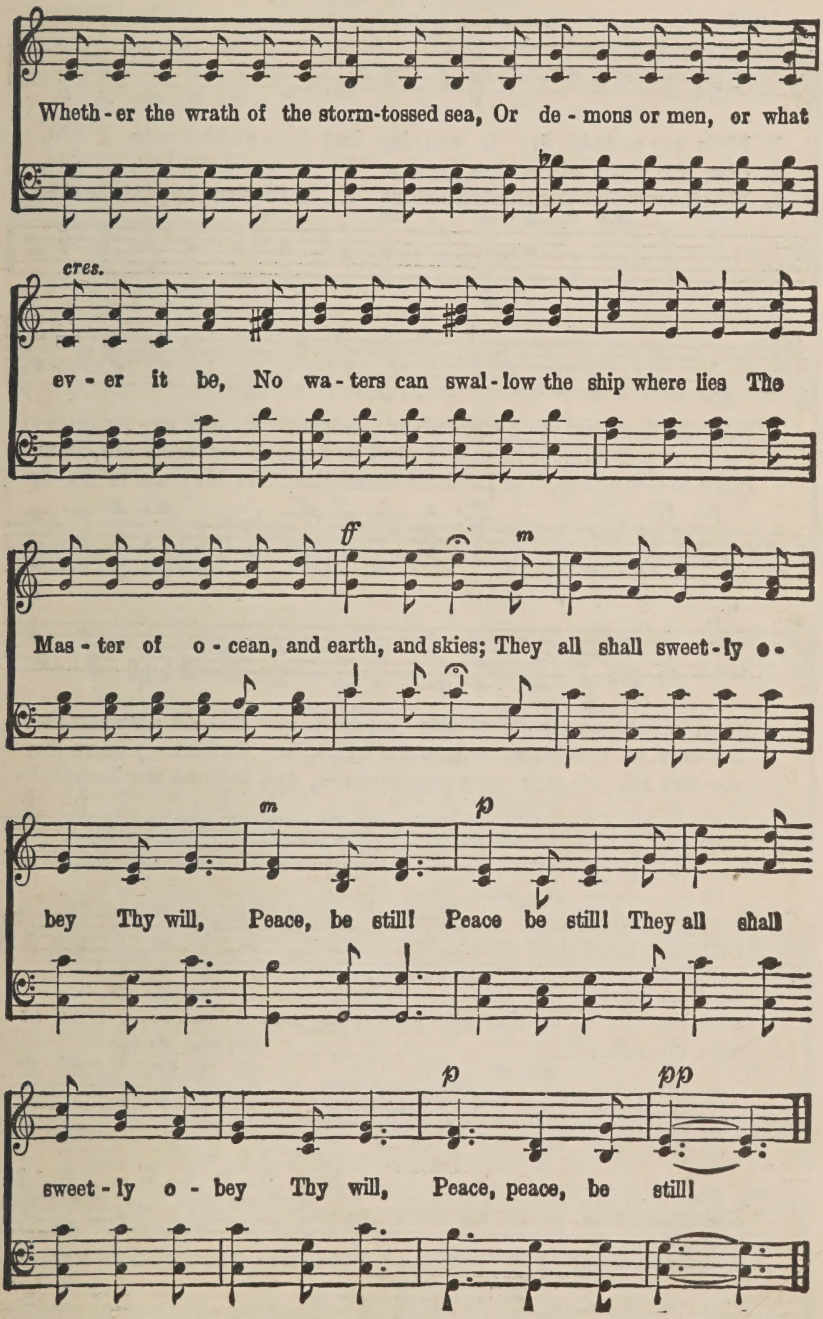
Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Where They Need No Sun.

H. L.

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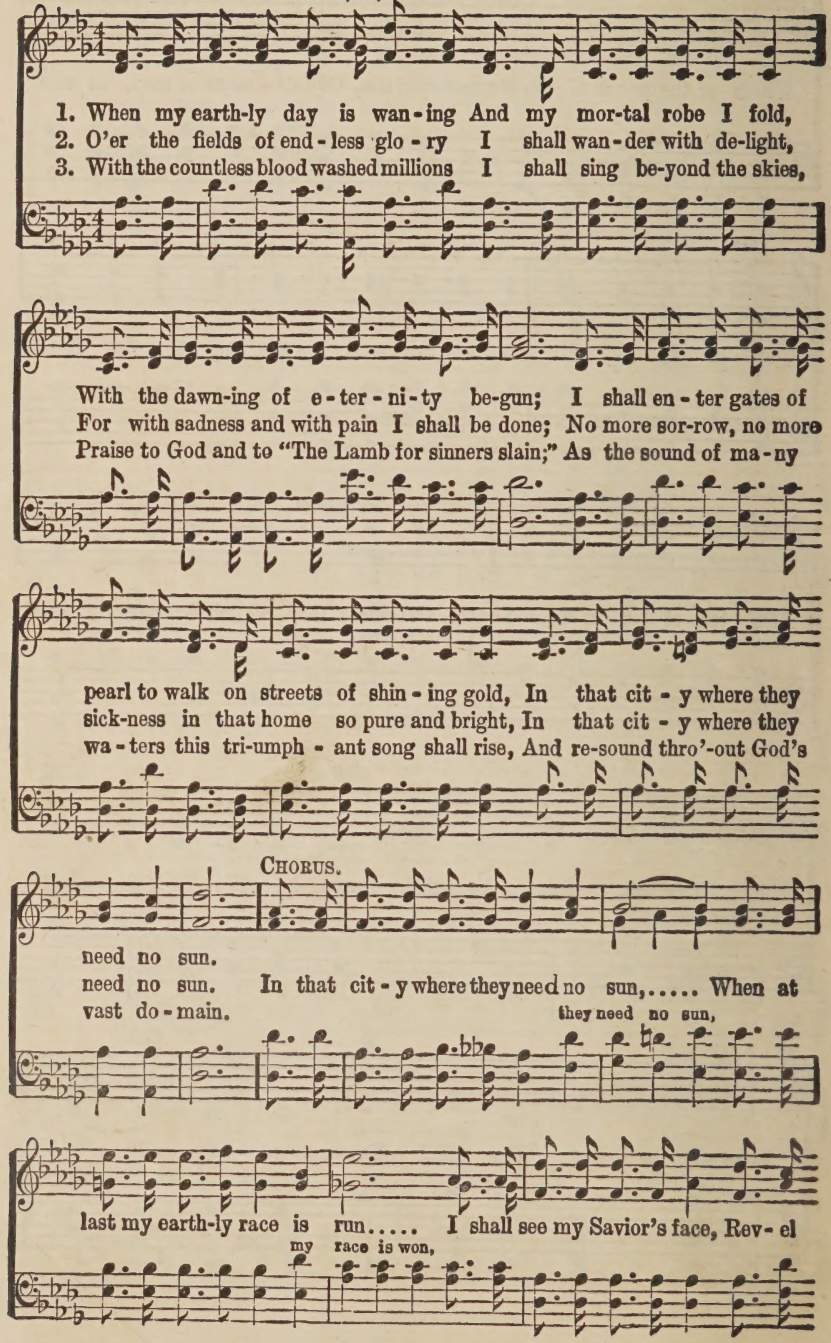
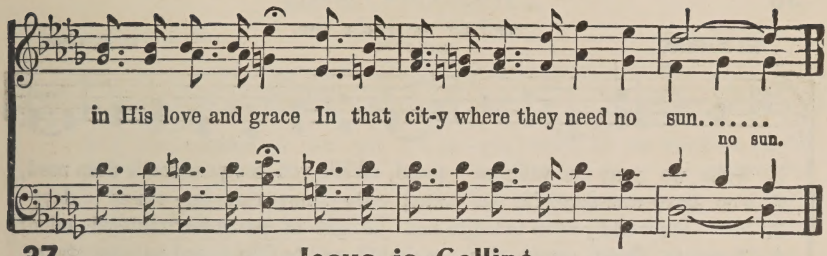
Haldor Lillenas.

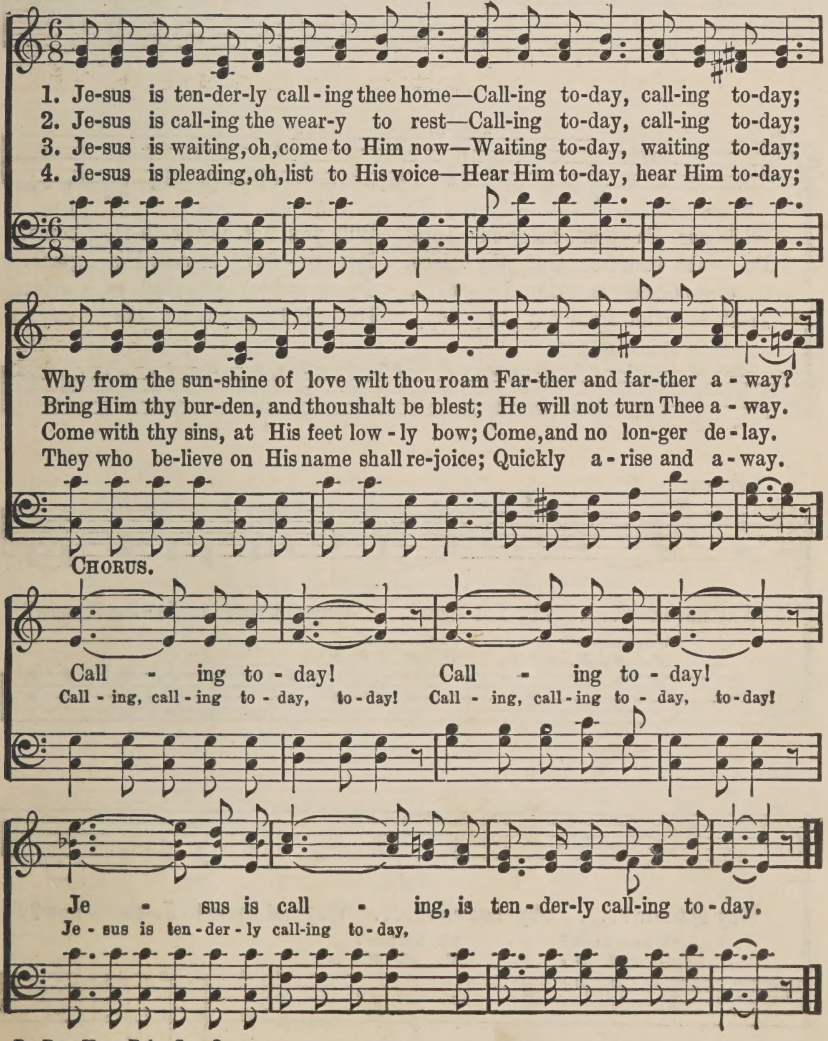

1. When my earth-ly day is wan-ing And my mor-tal robe I fold,
2. O'er the fields of end-less glo-ry I shall wan-der with de-light,
3. With the countless blood washed millions I shall sing be-yond the skies,
With the dawn-ing of e-ter-ni-ty be-gun; I shall en-ter gates of
For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sor-row, no more
Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of ma-ny
pearl to walk on streets of shin-ing gold, In that cit-y where they
sick-ness in that home so pure and bright, In that cit-y where they
wa-ters this tri-umph-ant song shall rise, And re-sound thro'-out God's
CHORUS.
need no sun.
need no sun. In that cit-y where they need no sun,..... When at
vast do-main.
they need no sun,
last my earth-ly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Rev-el
my race is won,

Where They Need No Sun.



37 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

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Why Not Now?

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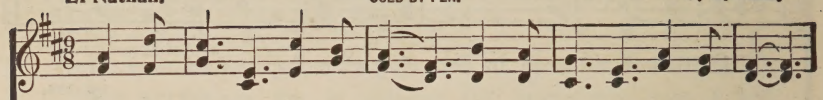
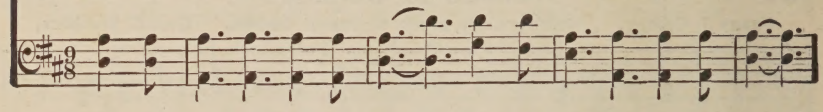
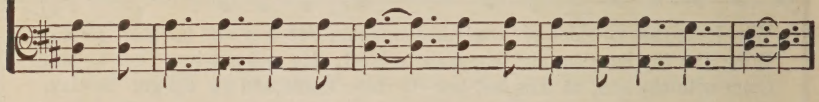
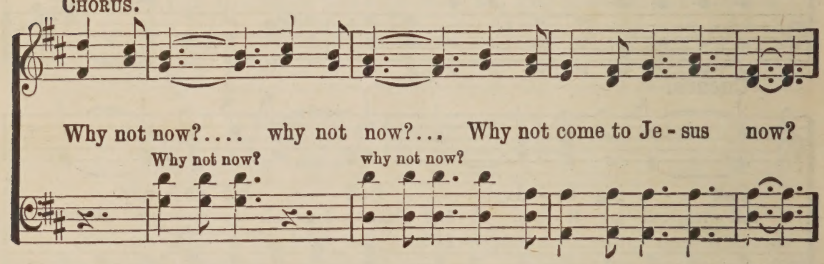
El Nathan. C. C. Case.



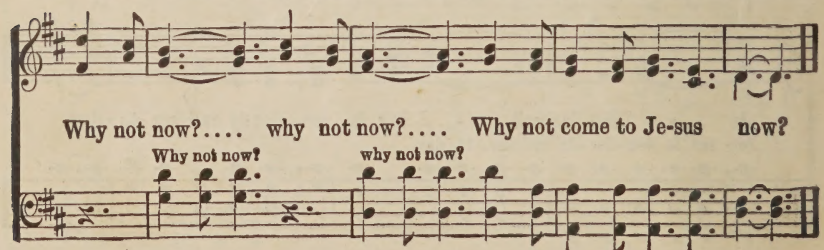
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par-don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.



Why not now?.... why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now?.... why not now?.... Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

I Am Resolved.

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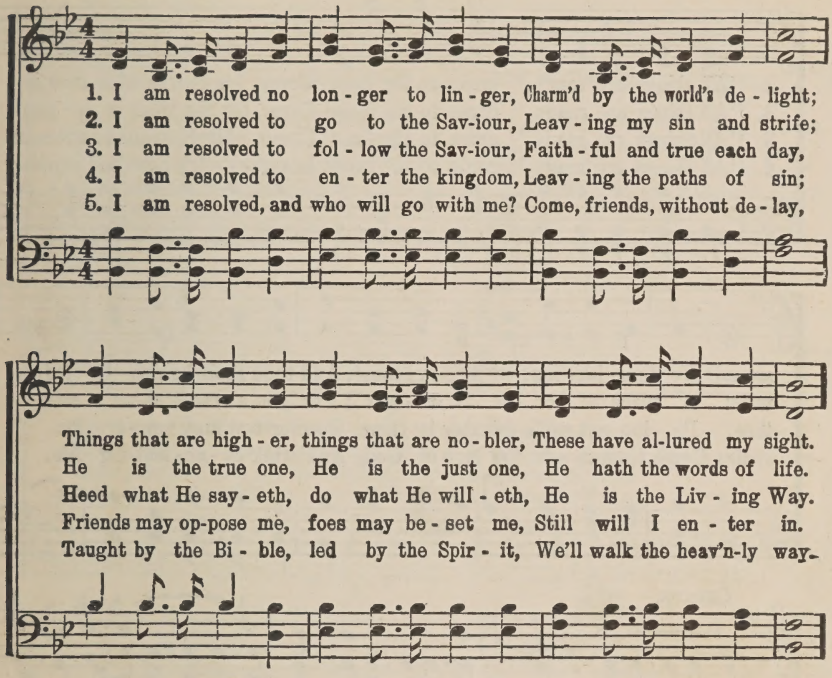
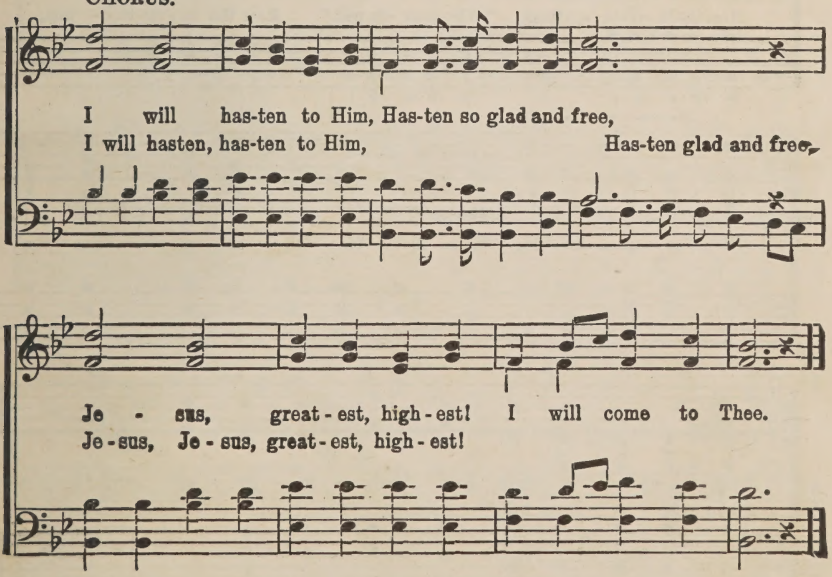
Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.


1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charm'd by the world's de - light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de - lay,
Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the Liv - ing Way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'n-ly way.

CHORUS.


I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free,
I will hasten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten glad and free,
Je - sus, great - est, high - est! I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est!

Come to the Feast.

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Charlotte G. Homer. W. A. Ogden.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly

spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.
thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.
strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,

will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -
"Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
"who - so - ev - er will,"

Don't Turn Him Away.

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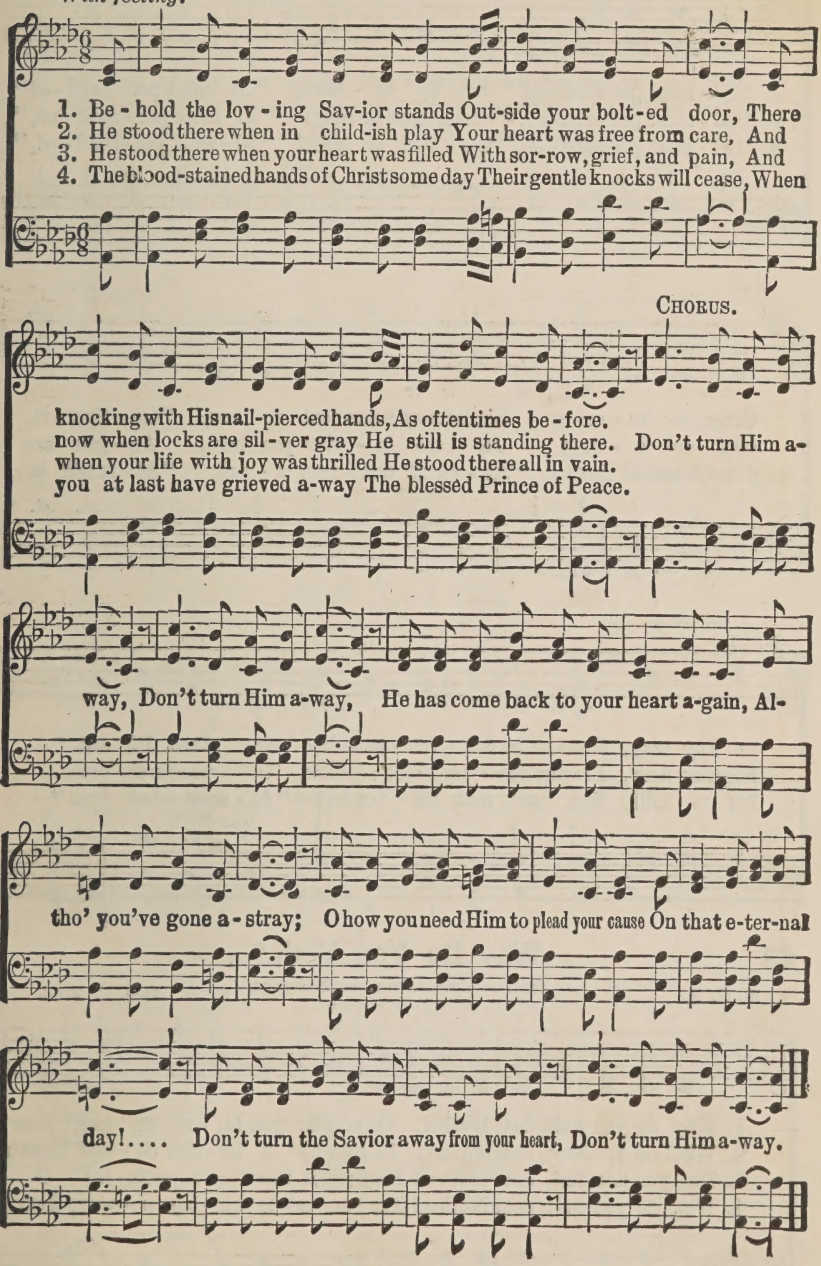
H. L. Haldor Lillenas. Chorus arr.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold the lov - ing Sav-ior stands Out-side your bolt-ed door, There
2. He stood there when in child-ish play Your heart was free from care, And
3. He stood there when your heart was filled With sor-row, grief, and pain, And
4. The blood-stained hands of Christ some day Their gentle knocks will cease, When
CHORUS.
knocking with His nail-pierced hands, As oftentimes be - fore.
now when locks are sil - ver gray He still is standing there. Don't turn Him a-
when your life with joy was thrilled He stood there all in vain.
you at last have grieved a-way The blessed Prince of Peace.
way, Don't turn Him a-way, He has come back to your heart a-gain, Al-
tho' you've gone a - stray; O how you need Him to plead your cause On that e-ter-nal
day!.... Don't turn the Savior away from your heart, Don't turn Him a-way.

42

"Almost Persuaded."

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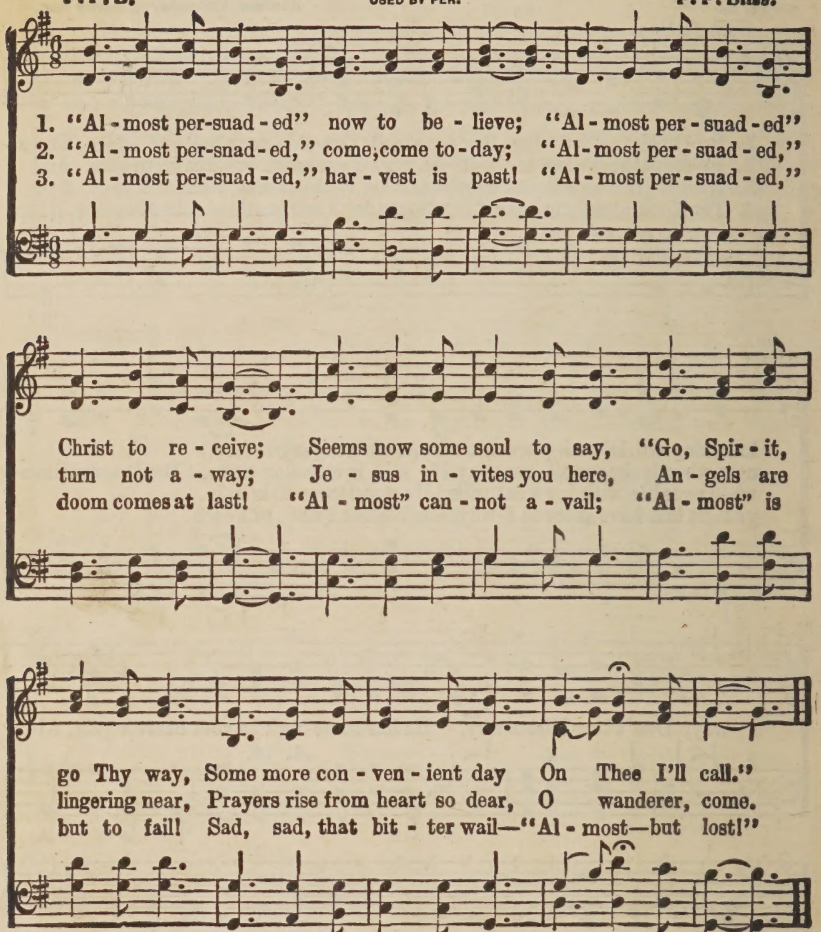
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-snad - ed," come,come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

43

Why Do You Wait?

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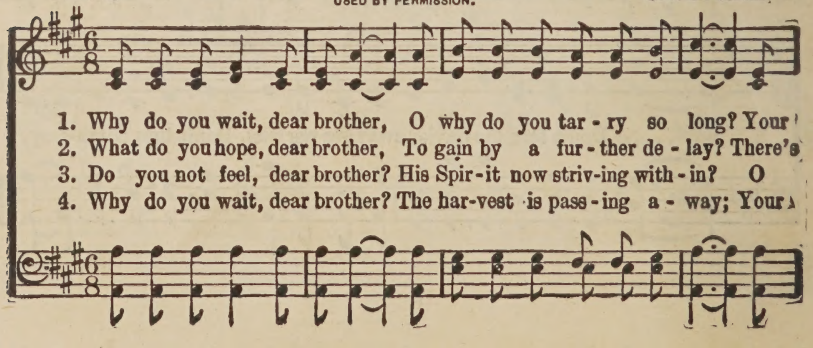
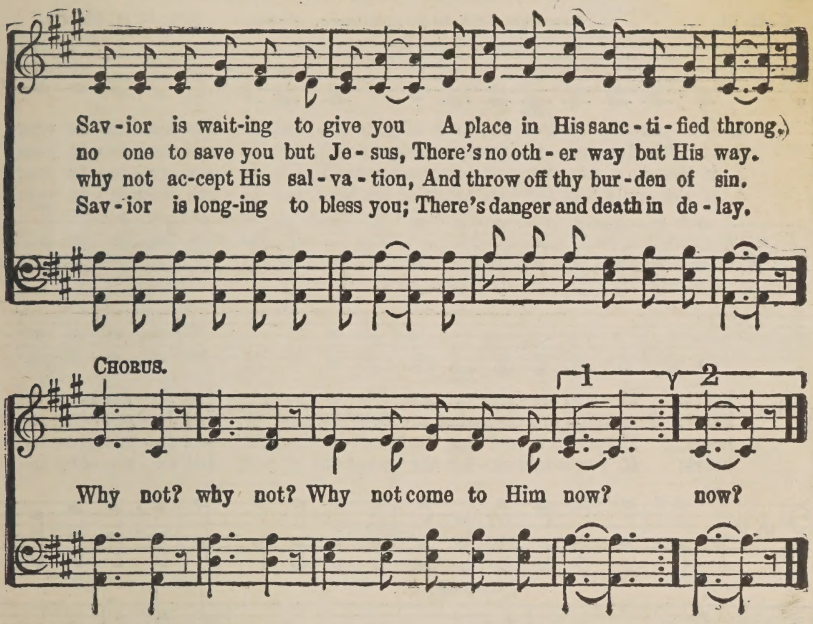
G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

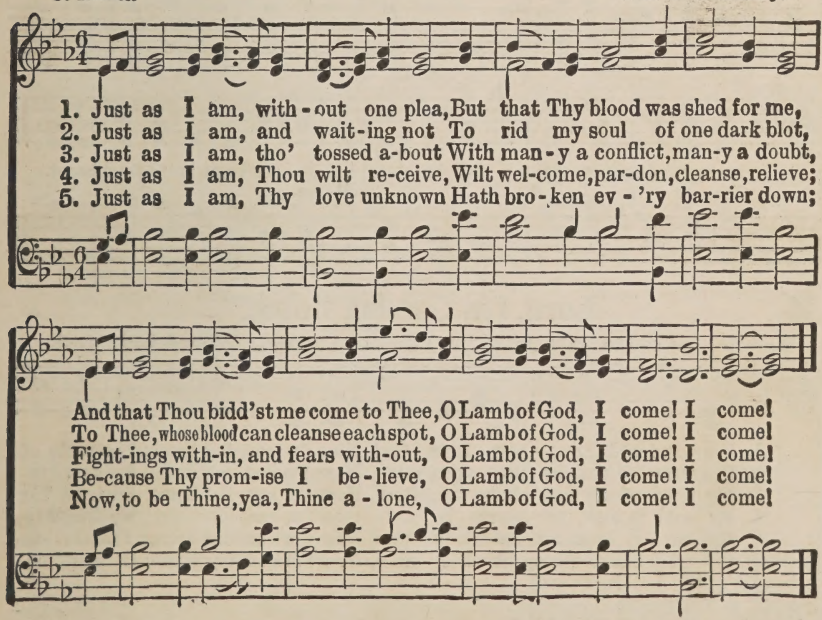

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother? His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har-vest is pass - ing a - way; Your

Why Do You Wait?


Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

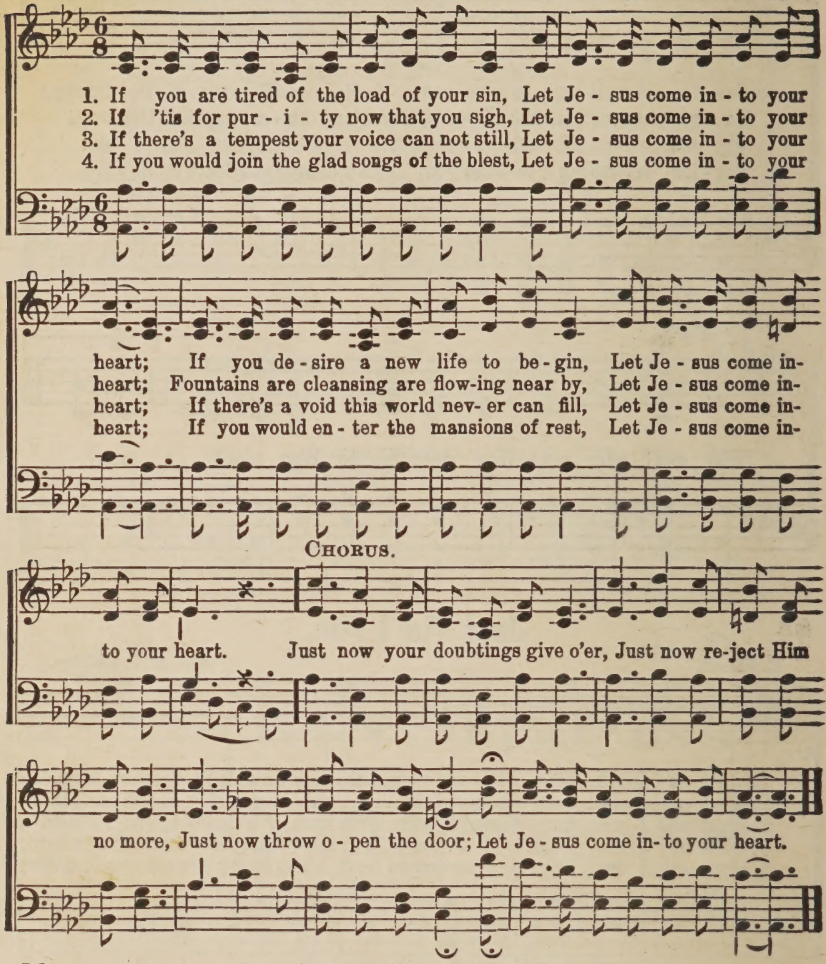
44 Just As I Am,

C. Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a conflict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

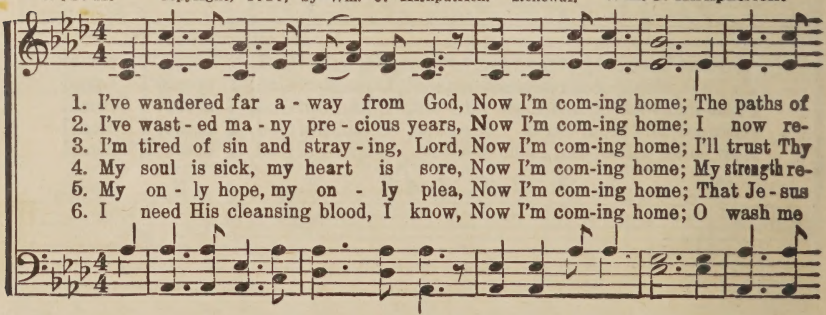
45 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmore. By per. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

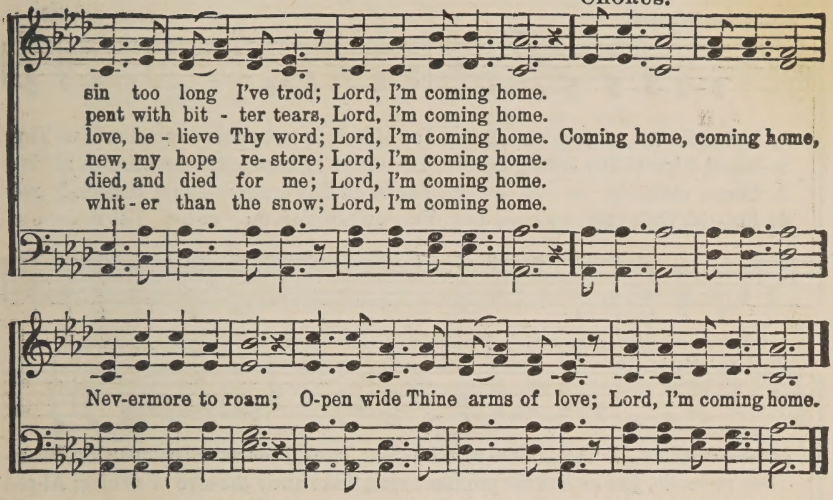

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in-
Fountains are cleansing are flow-ing near by, Let Je - sus come in-
If there's a void this world nev- er can fill, Let Je - sus come in-
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in-
CHORUS.
to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now re-ject Him
no more, Just now throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in- to your heart.

46 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Copyright, 1920, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength re-
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

CHORUS.

sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home,
new, my hope re - store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Nev-ermore to roam; O-pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

47 There Is Joy.

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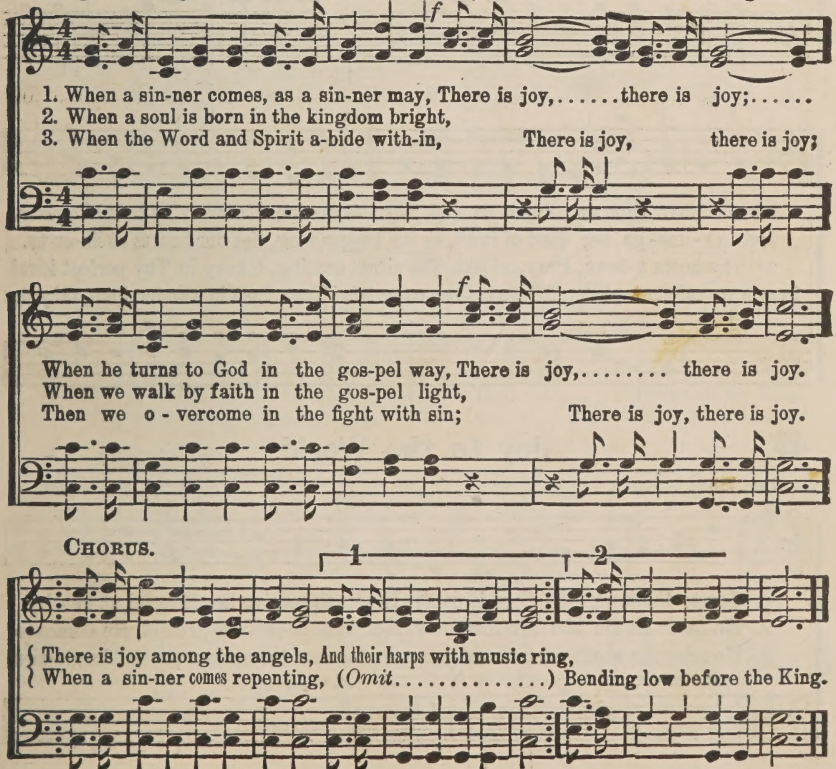
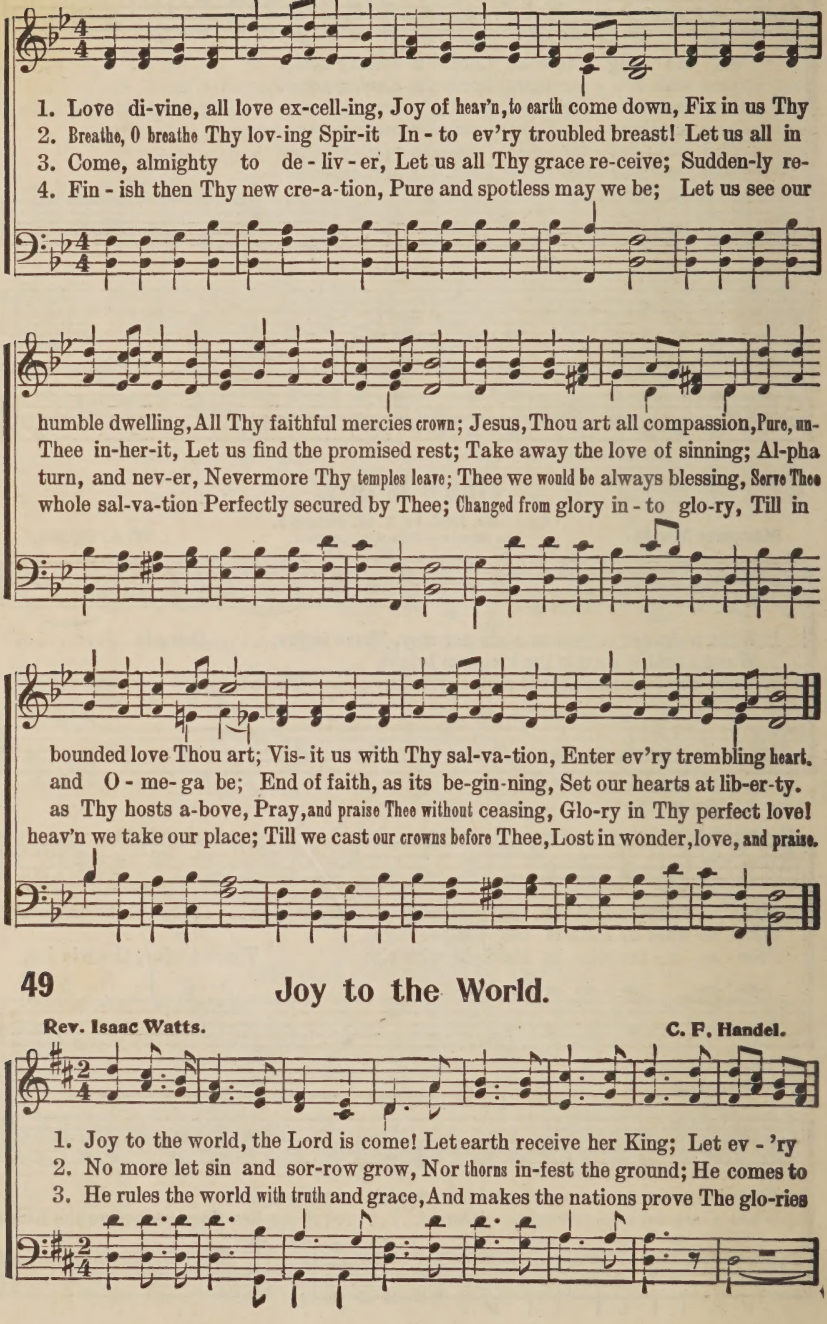
Margaret Moody. W. A. Ogden.


1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy,.....there is joy;.....
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
3. When the Word and Spirit a-bide with-in, There is joy, there is joy;
When he turns to God in the gos-pel way, There is joy,..... there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the gos-pel light,
Then we o - vercome in the fight with sin; There is joy, there is joy.
CHORUS.
1
2
There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring,
When a sin-ner comes repenting, (Omit.....) Bending low before the King.

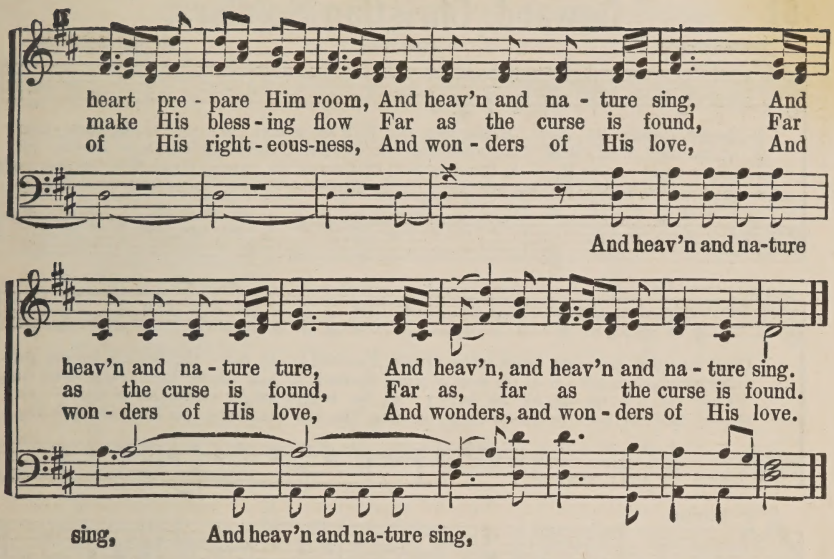
48 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive; Sudden-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our
humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-
Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest; Take away the love of sinning; Al-pha
turn, and nev-er, Nevermore Thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee
whole sal-va-tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in
bounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
as Thy hosts a-bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy perfect love!
heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

49 Joy to the World.

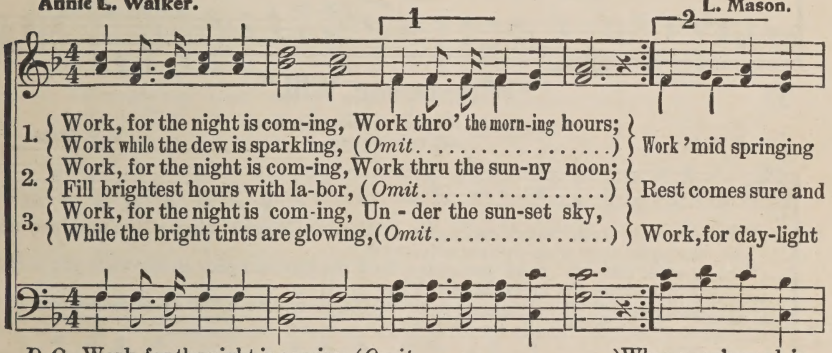
Rev. Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries

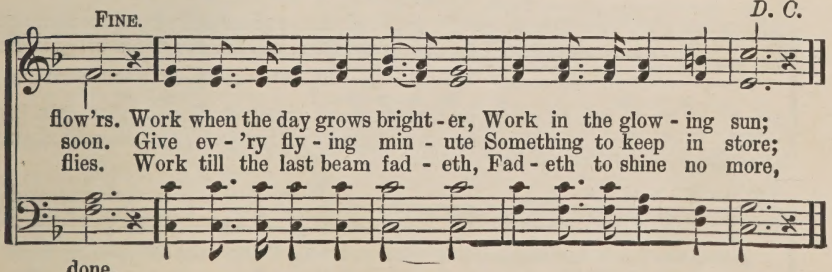
Joy to the World.

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous-ness, And won - ders of His love, And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture ture, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

50 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

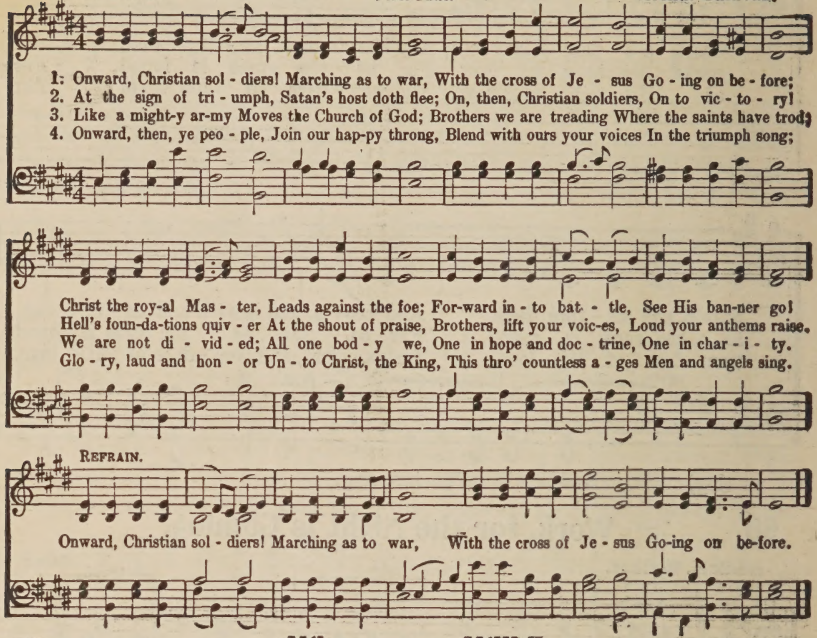

1
2
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) Work 'mid springing
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thru the sun-ny noon;
Fill brightest hours with la-bor, (Omit.....) Rest comes sure and
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun-set sky,
While the bright tints are glowing, (Omit.....) Work, for day-light

D.C.–Work, for the night is coming, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is
D.C.–Work, for the night is coming, (*Omit*.....) When man works no
D.C.–Work while the night is darkening, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is


FINE.
D. C.
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more,
done.
more.
o'er.

51 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

52 "Whosoever Will."

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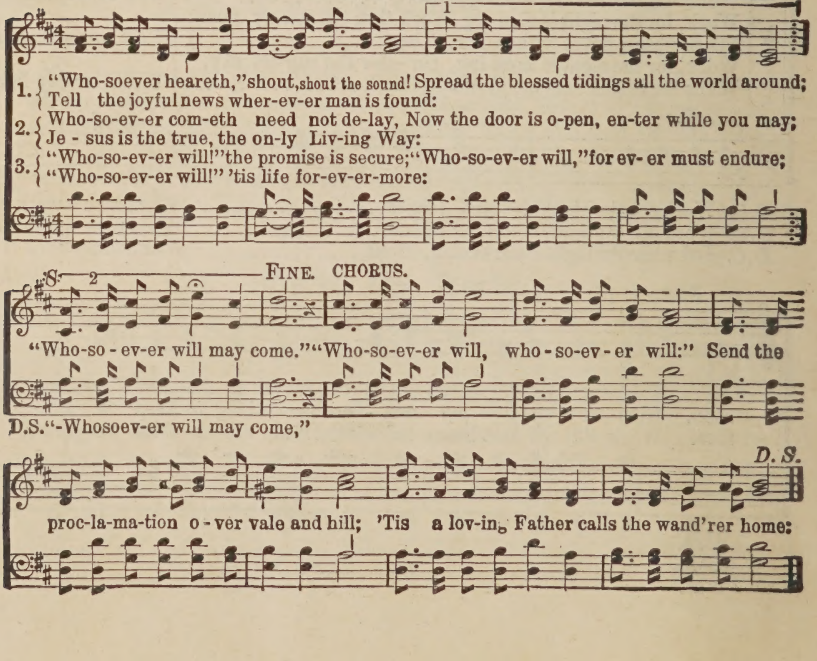
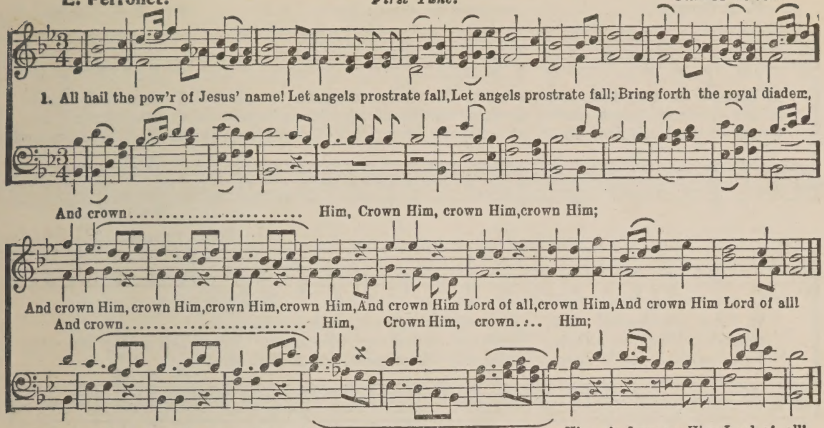
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

53 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown..... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

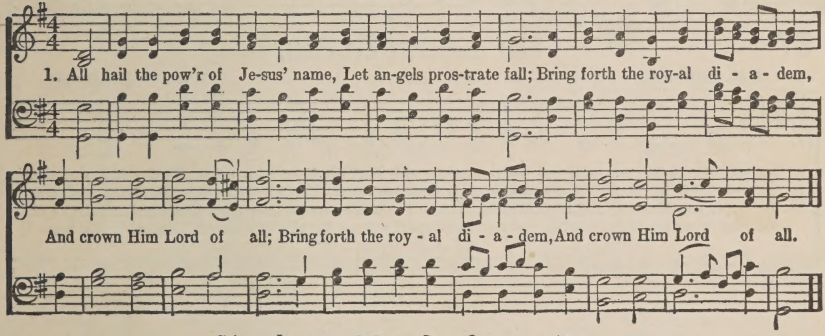
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

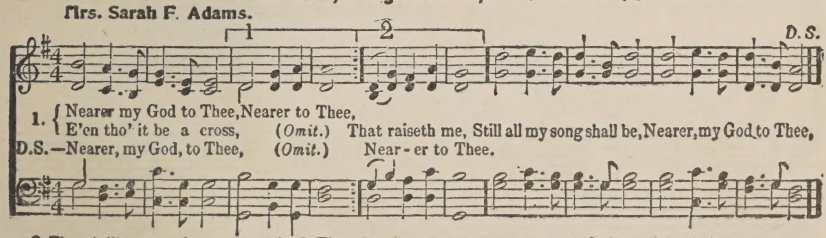
54 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

55 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.


1 2
D.S.
1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

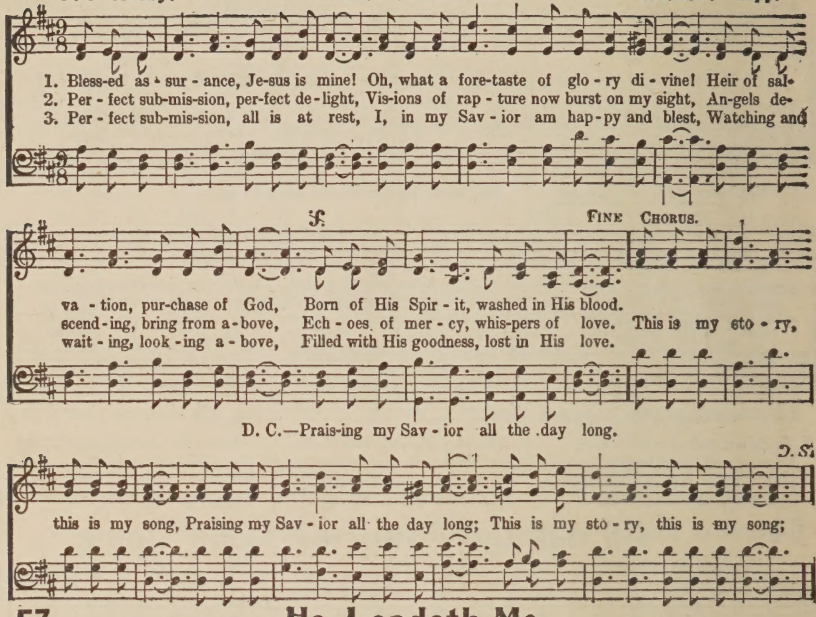
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

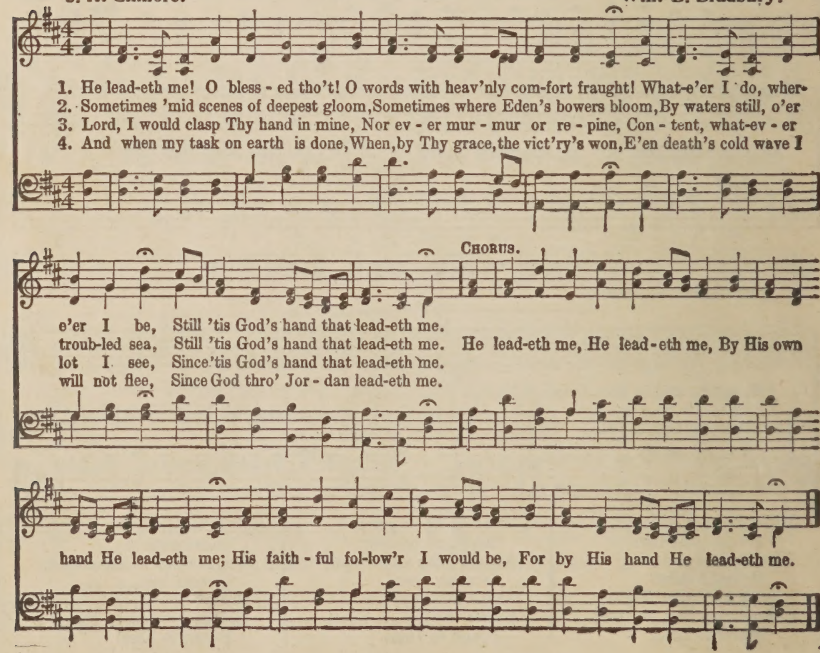
56 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

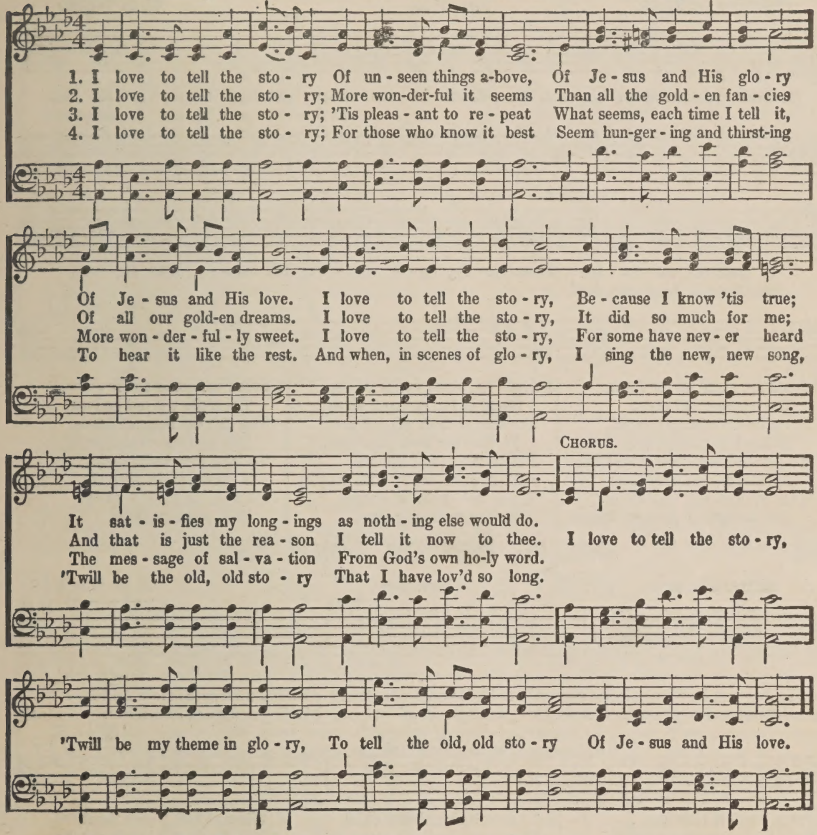

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
FINE
CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

57 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

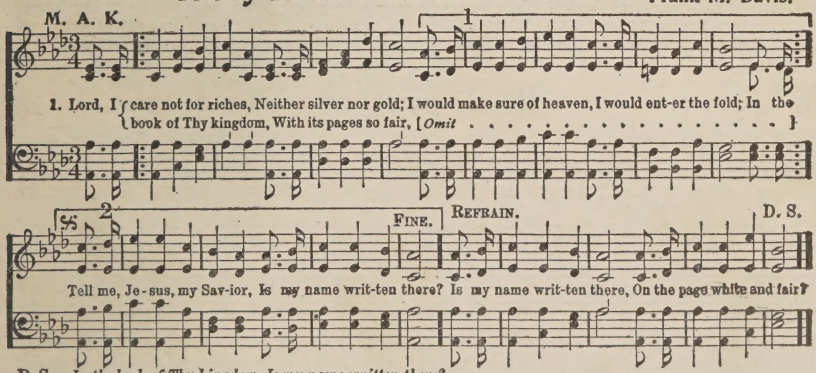

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

58 I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

59 Is My Name Written There? Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.


1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit . . . . .]
2.
FINE.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the pages white and fair?

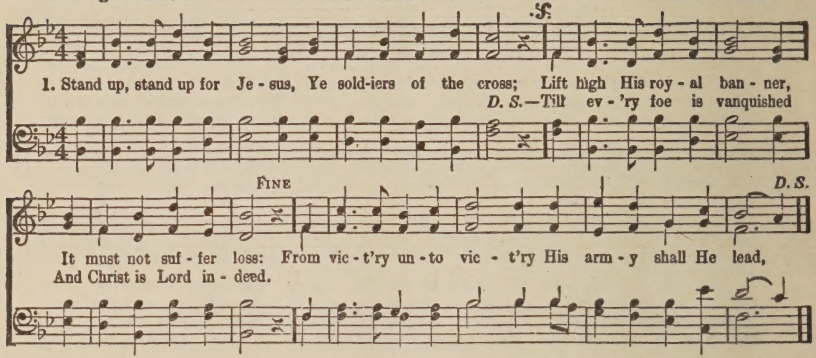
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

60 Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

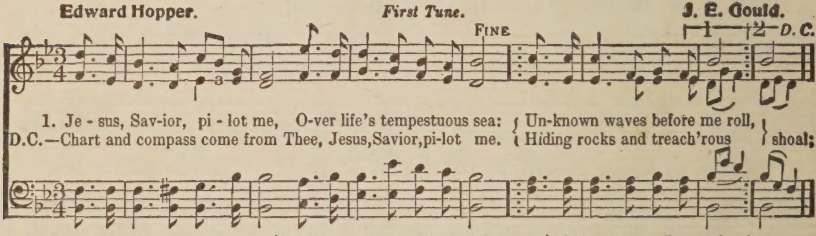
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

61 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.


FINE
1 2 D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

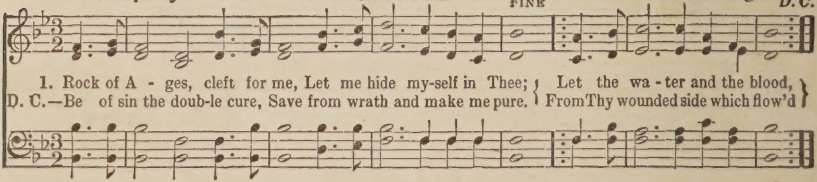
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

62 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


FINE
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

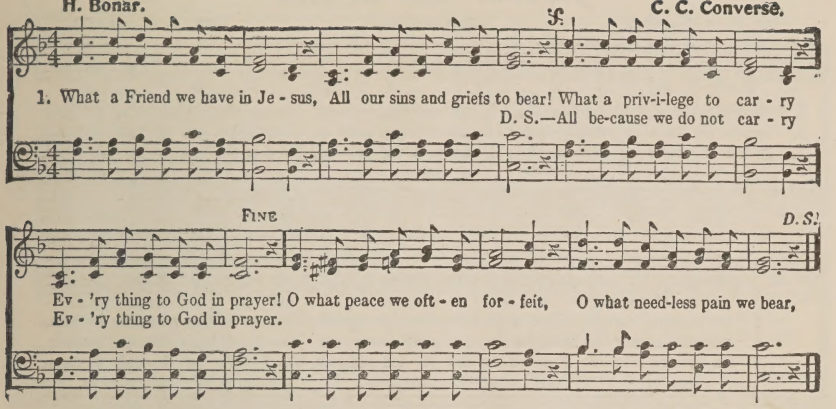
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

63 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D. S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

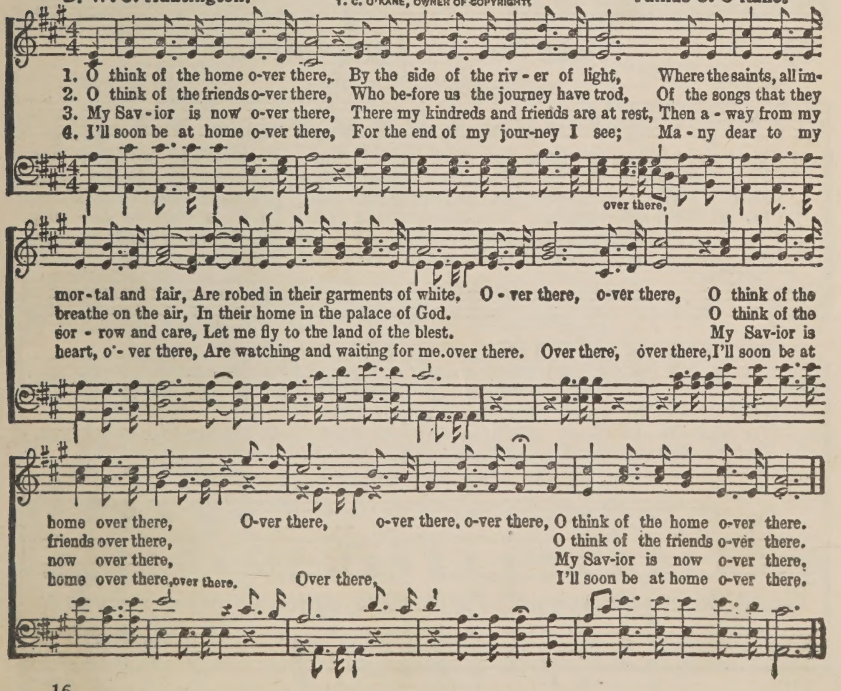
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

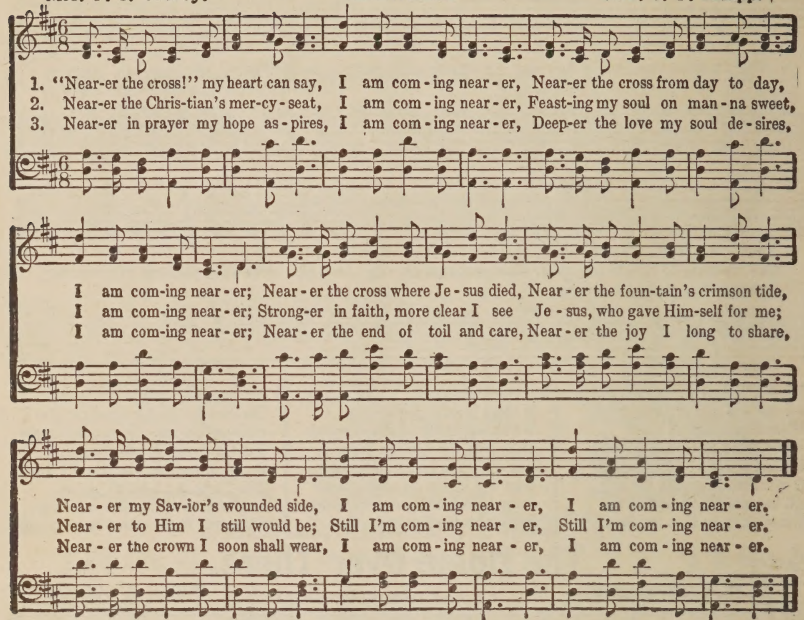
64 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.
mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

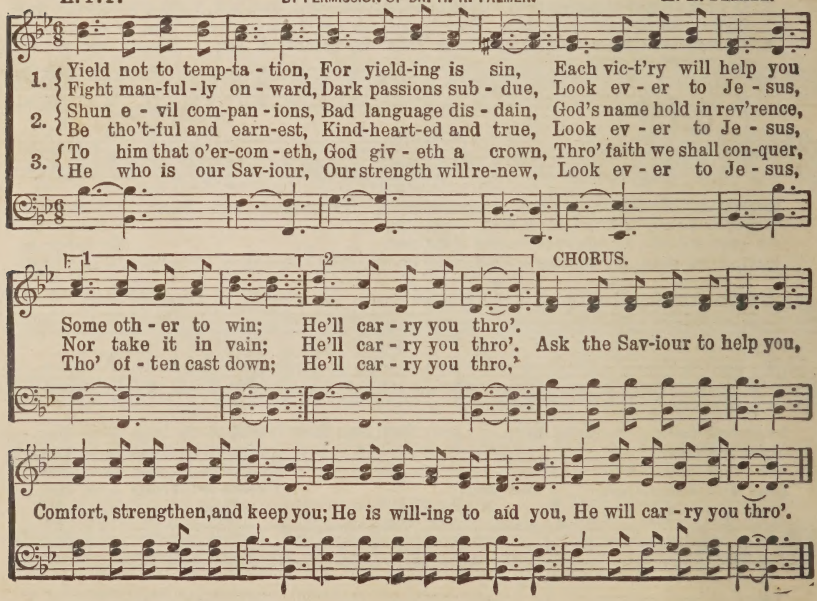
65 Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the cross from day to day,
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet,
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the love my soul de-sires,
I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide,
I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more clear I see Je-sus, who gave Him-self for me;
I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,
Near-er my Sav-ior's wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er,
Near-er to Him I still would be; Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er,
Near-er the crown I soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

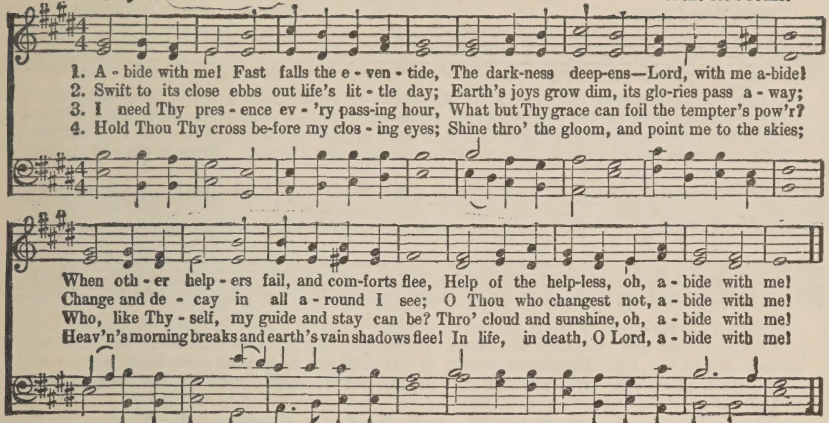
66 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

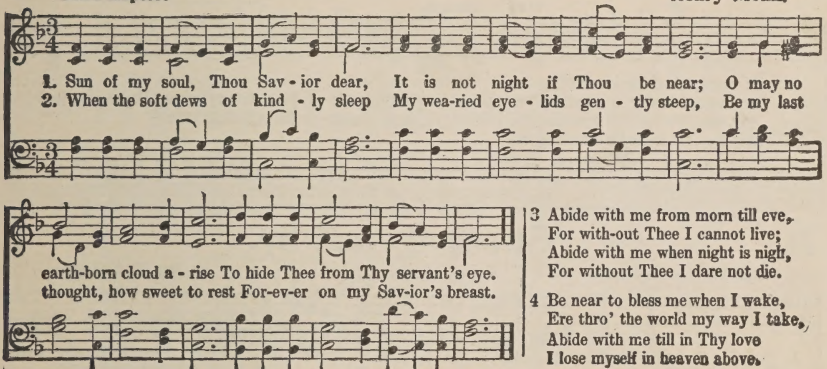
67 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

68 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

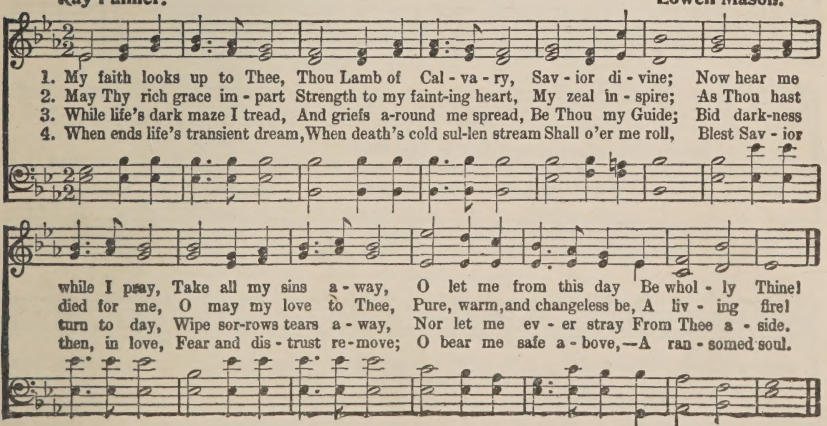

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

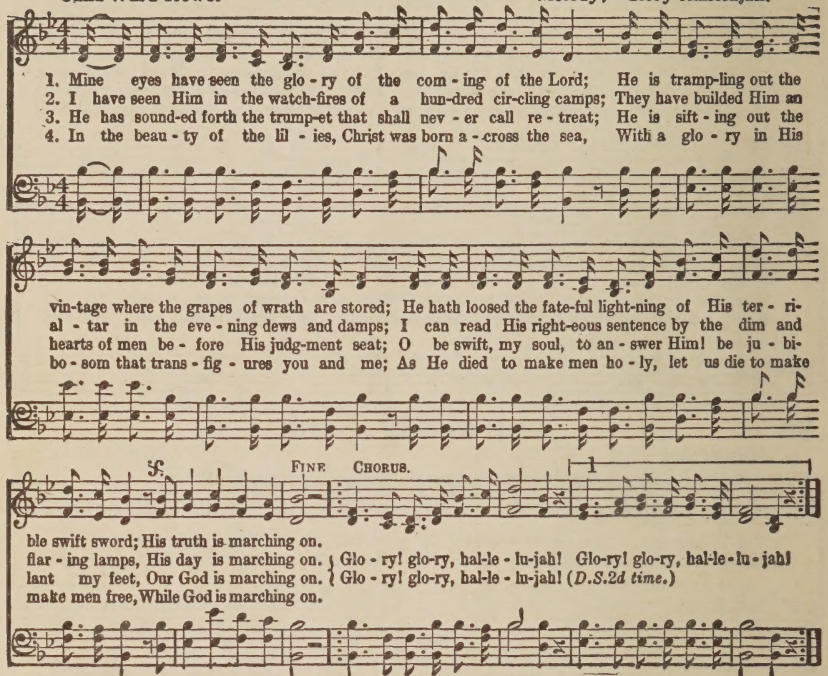
69 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

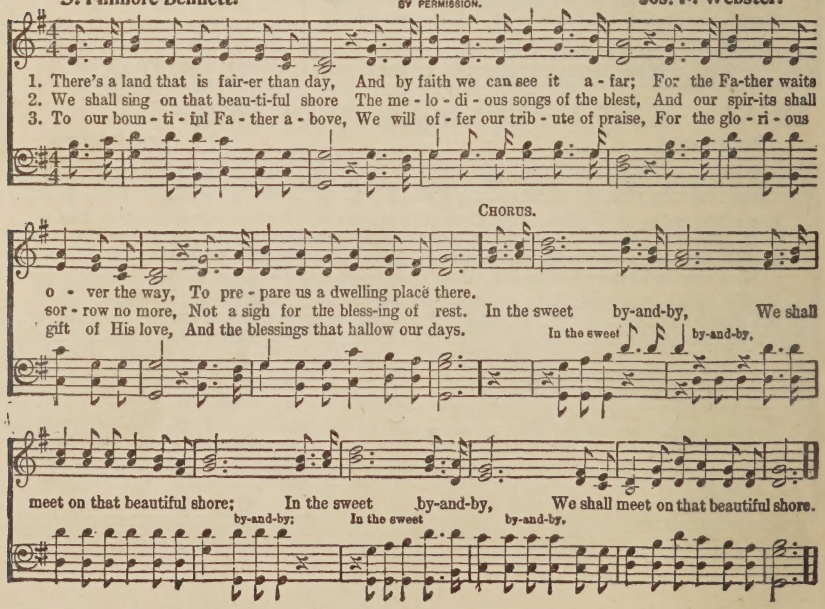
70 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make
FINE CHORUS.
ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
make men free, While God is marching on.

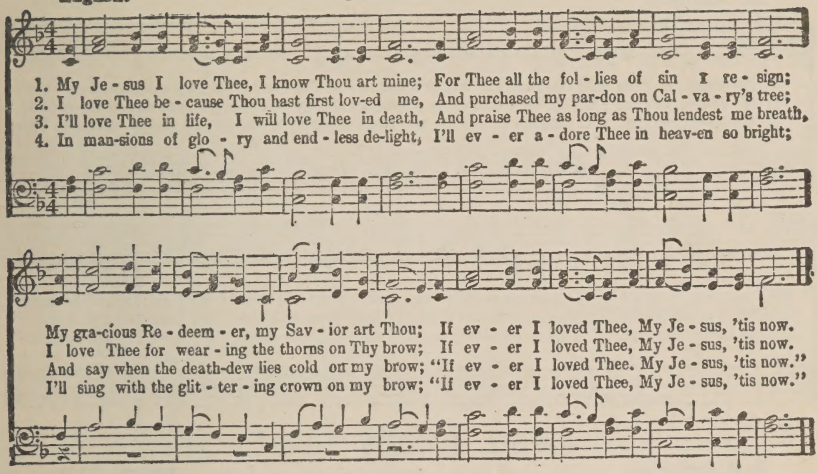
71 Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

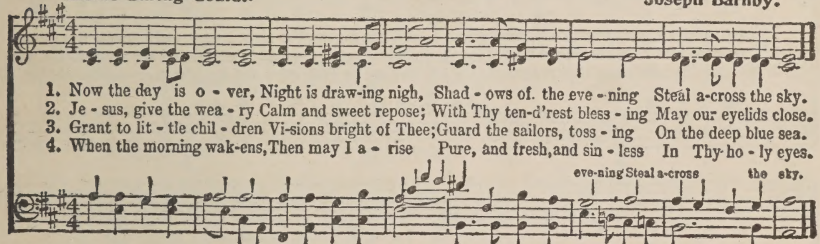
72 My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

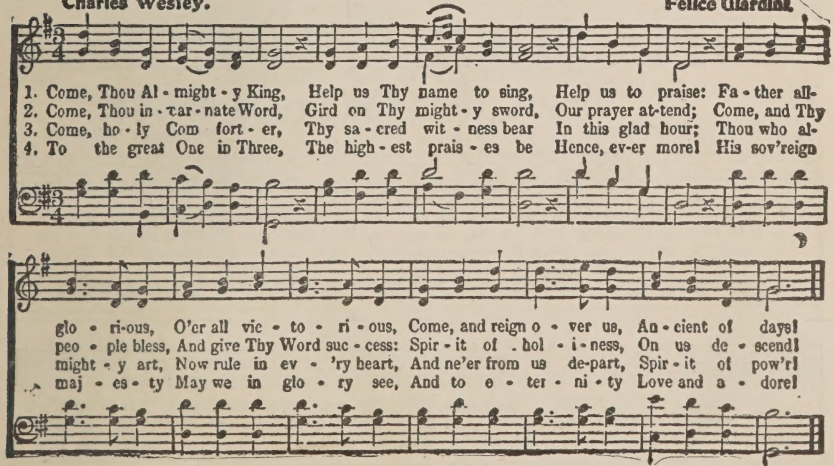
73 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

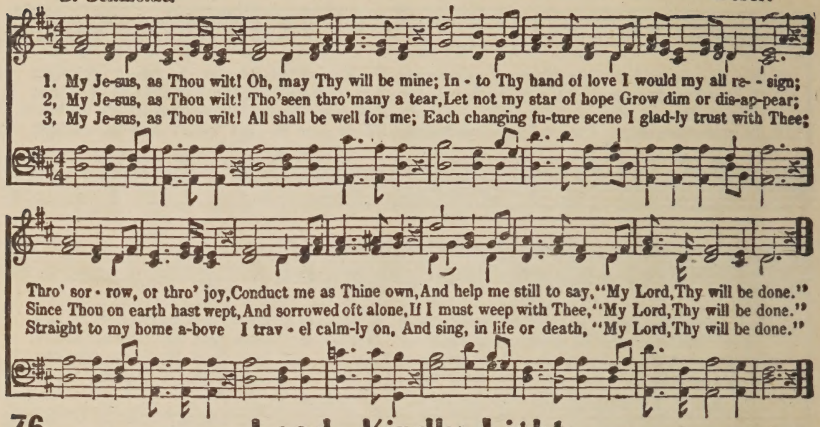
74 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

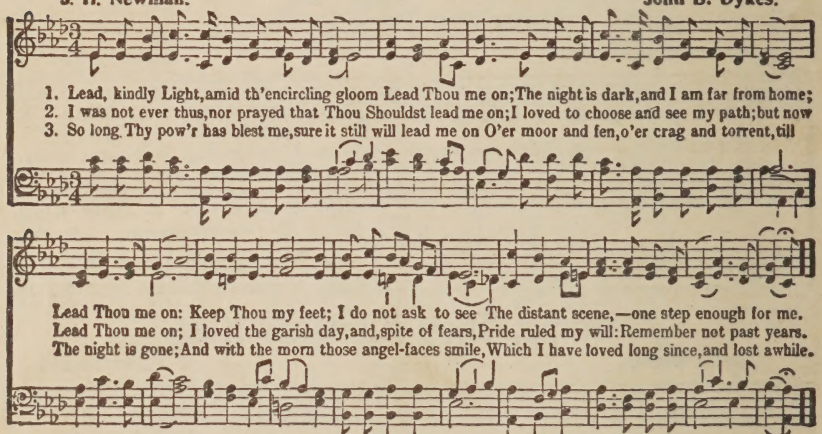
75 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

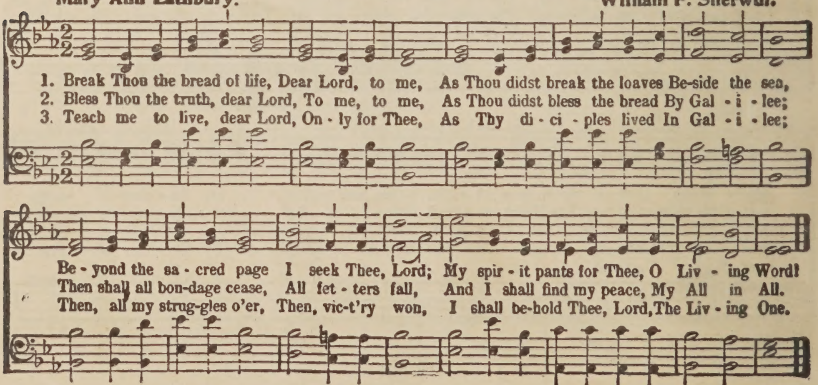
76 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

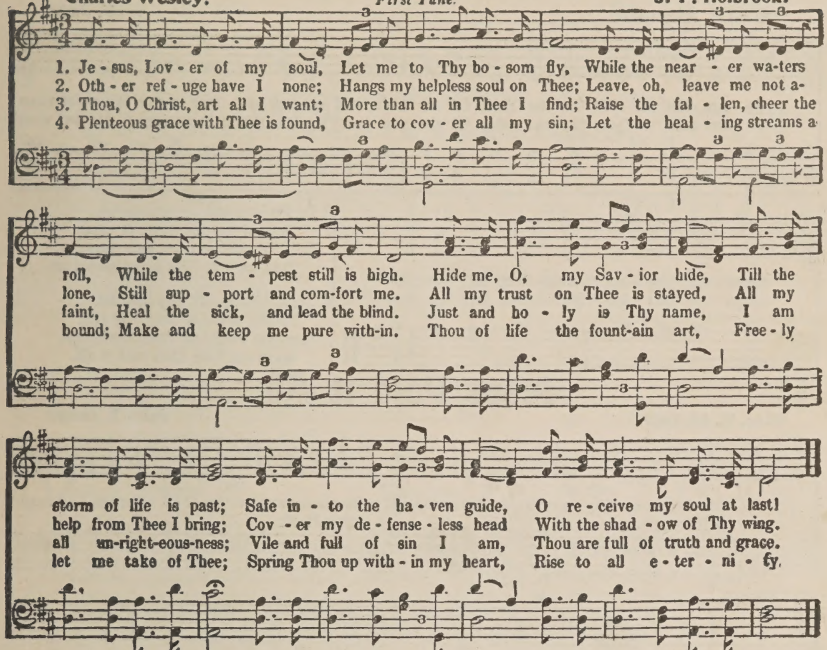
77 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

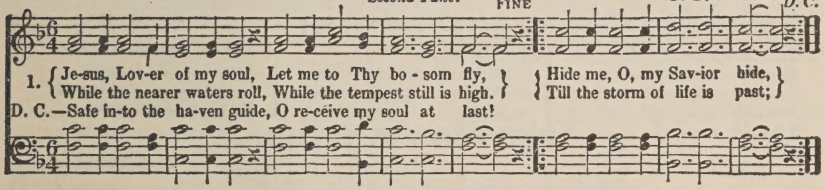
78 Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

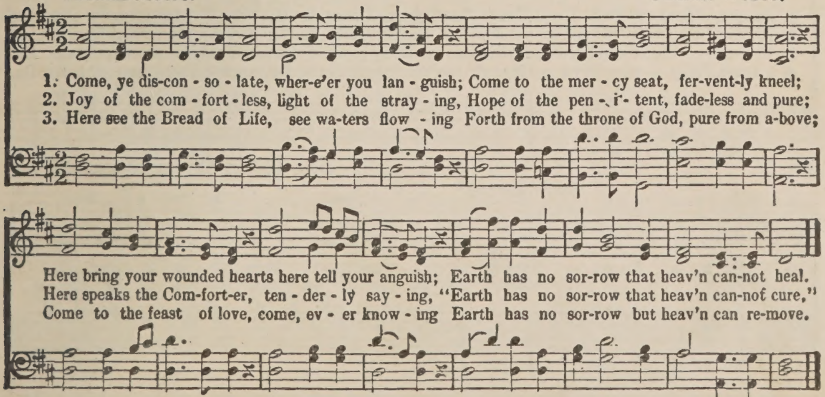
79 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.


1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

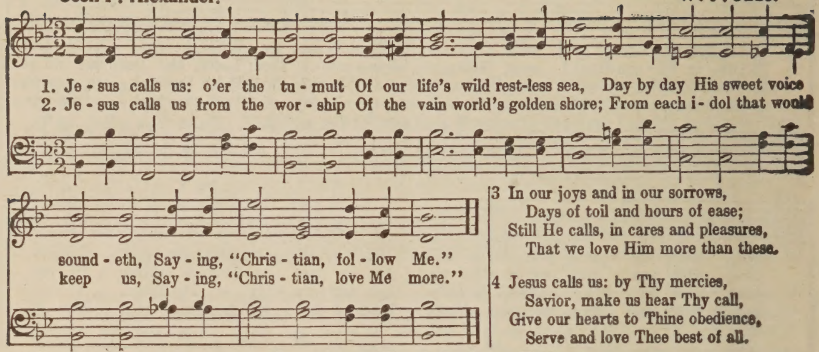
80 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

81 Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

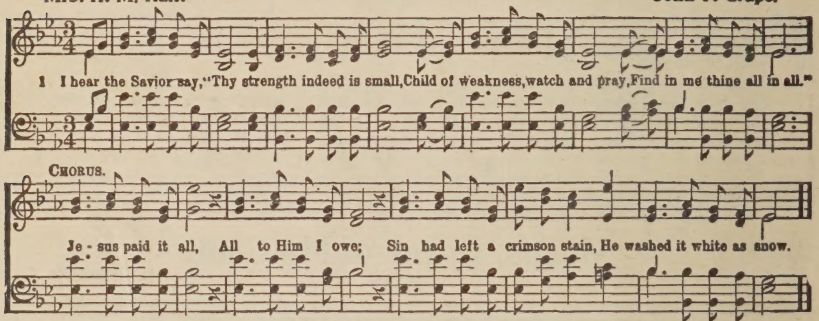

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

82 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

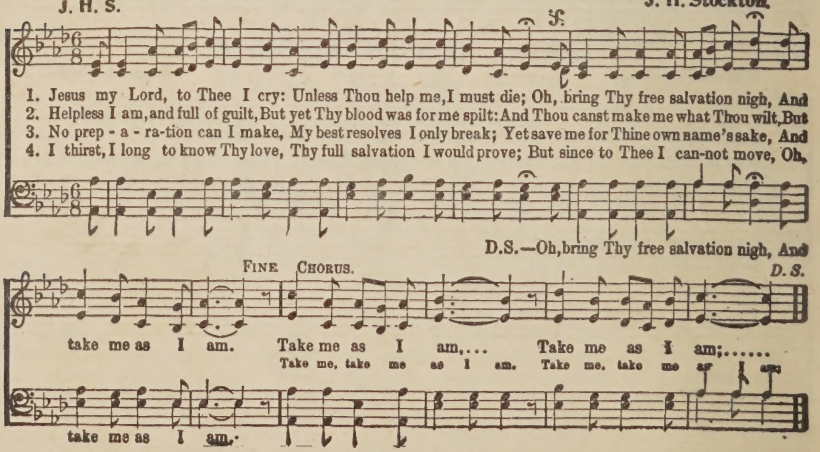

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

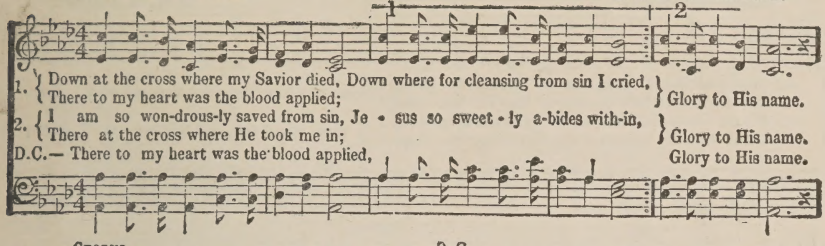
4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

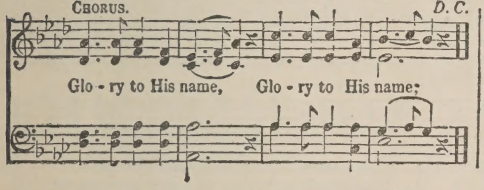
83 Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
FINE CHORUS.
D. S.
take me as I am. Take me as I am,.... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am. Take me, take me as I am
take me as I am.

84 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

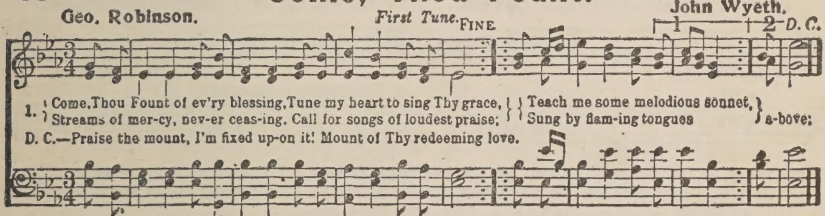

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.



3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

85 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.

FINE
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

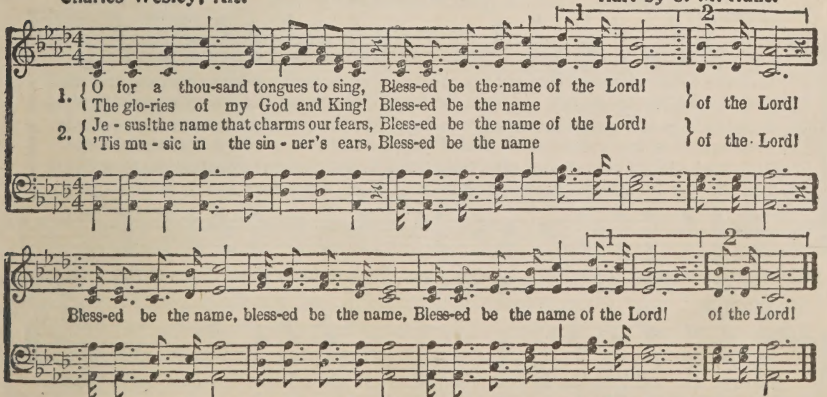
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

86 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

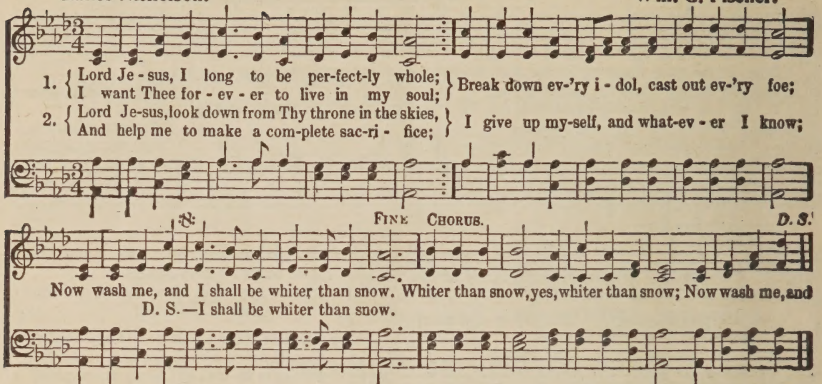

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc.
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc.

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

87 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

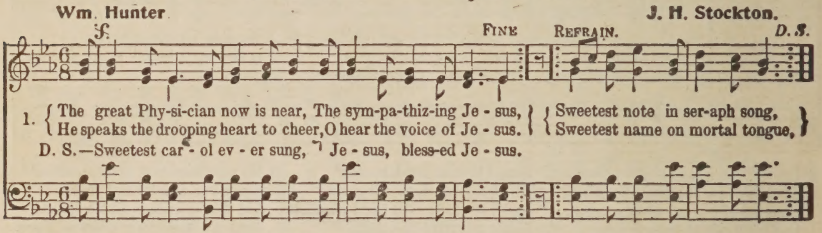

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS. D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

88 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


FINE REFRAIN. D. S.
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

89 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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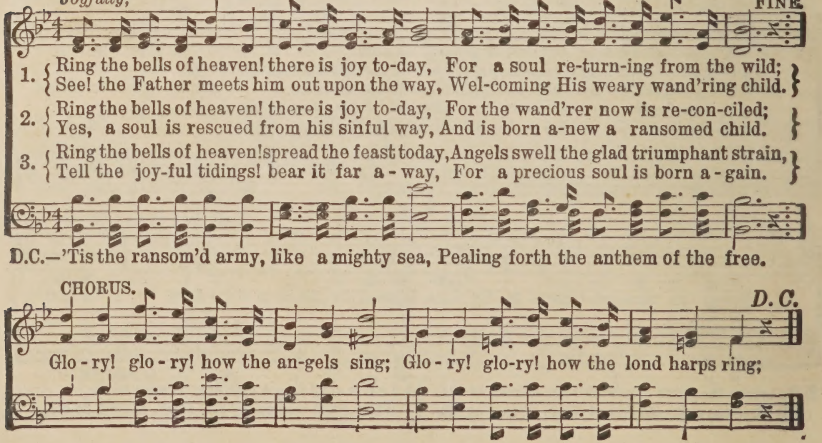
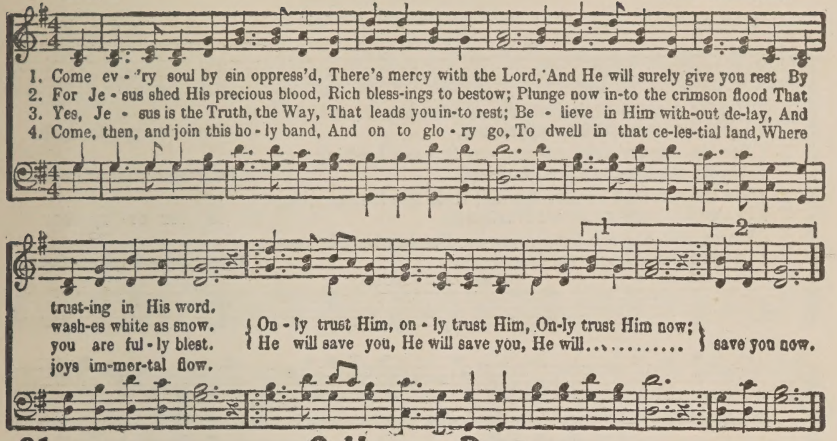
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


Joyfully, FINE.
1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild; See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled; Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain, Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a - way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
CHORUS. D. C.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo - ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

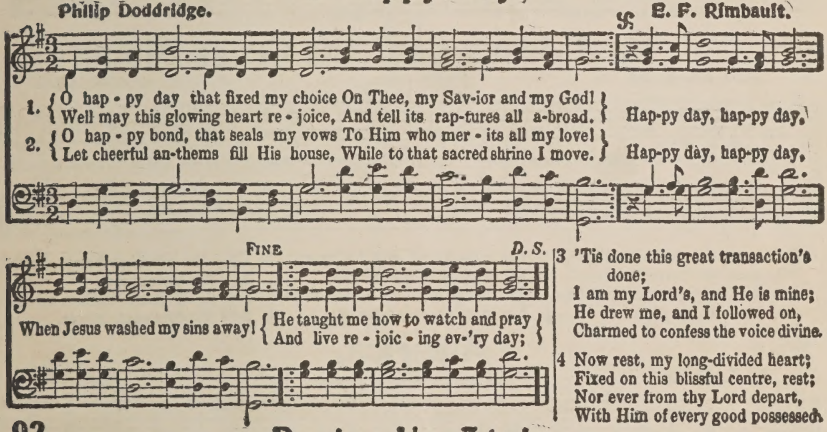
90 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will.....
save you now.

91 O Happy Day.

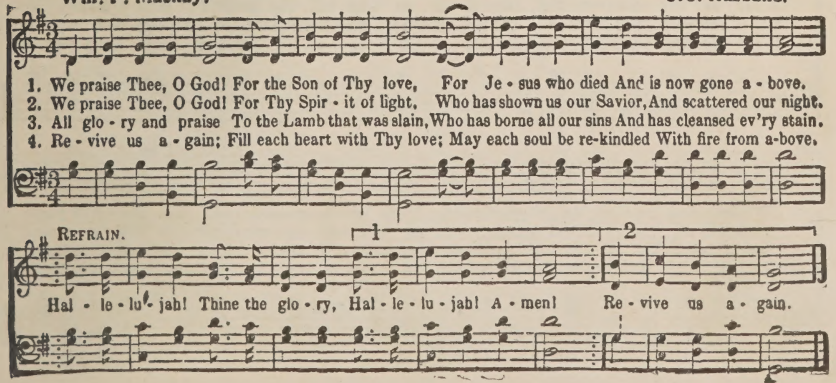
Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE.
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

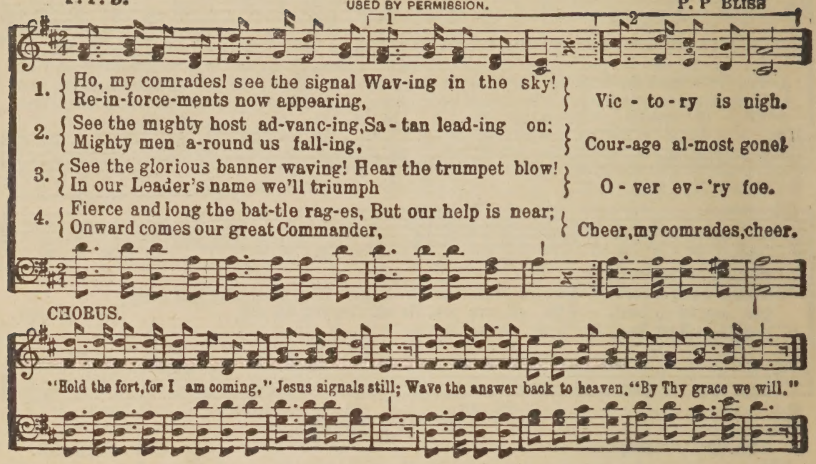
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

92 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

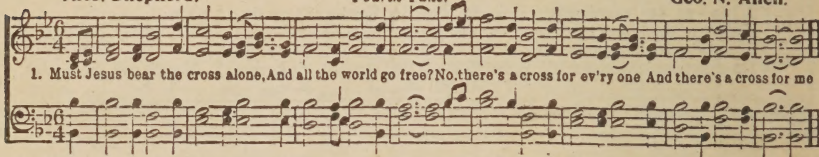
93 Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P Bliss


1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments now appearing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa - tan lead-ing on: Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
3. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven. "By Thy grace we will."

94 Must Jesus Bear the Gross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



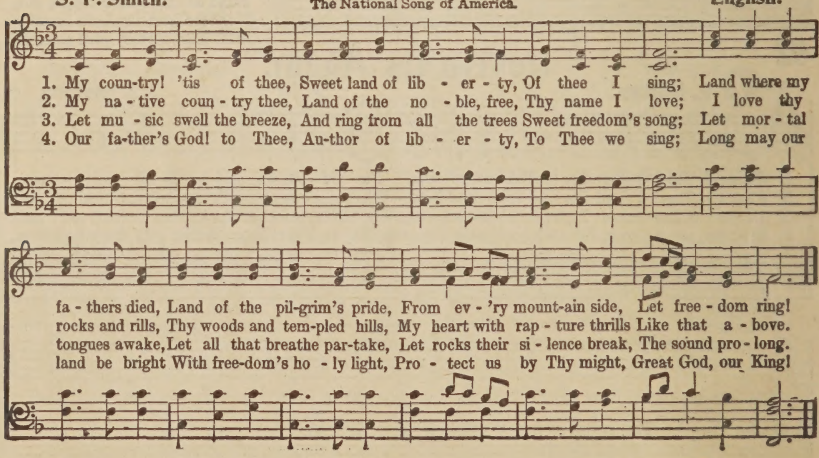
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

95 America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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J. E. STURGIS

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